

THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



OR, GENTLEMAN'S Monthly Intelligencer.

For APRIL, 1783.

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With the following Embellishments, viz,

A neatly engraved Head of Dr. WILLIAM HUNTER,

AND

A correct Map of RIO DE LA PLATA, by Kitchen.

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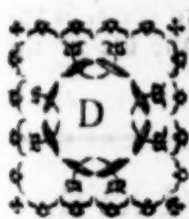
London Mag. Ap^l 1783.



DR. WM HUNTER.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE, FOR APRIL, 1783.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HUNTER, M. D. AND PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.



R. WILLIAM HUNTER, an elegant engraving of whom is affixed to this month's Magazine, was born at Shilbride in Lanerkshire, in the west of Scotland, of reputable parents, who gave him a good education. This he completed at the university of Glasgow, where he finished his philological and entered on a course of medical studies.

It was probably here where he cultivated an acquaintance with the celebrated Dr. Cullen, one of the medical professors in the university of Edinburgh. Such a strict intimacy, however, soon commenced between them, that they entered into partnership, and practised physic for some time in Hamilton, a small obscure market-town in the vicinity of Glasgow, as country surgeons.

A situation thus remote from active life did not long agree with the genius, or suit the aspiring desires of either. They consequently formed a scheme of pursuing their fortune in the great world, which succeeded with both beyond their most sanguine wishes. It was resolved one should go to Edinburgh, and the other to London, and as report will have it they decided their respective stations by lot. Dr. Cullen was, therefore, consigned to the capital of his native country, where he soon arrived, by great medical knowledge, a masterly understanding, and a taste highly polished, at the head of his profession; while Dr. Hunter was destined for London, where the most rapid prosperity in almost any branch of business or learning is so seldom a mark of either genius or virtue.

Dr. Hunter had interest enough,

however, to procure such an introduction to Dr. Douglas, as proved the foundation of all his subsequent eminence and success in the line of his profession. For he recommended himself by the most exemplary assiduity, and in a short time became principal operator to one of the greatest masters of anatomical science at that time in Europe. In this department he continued to acquit himself with such attention and dexterity, as not only very much increased his practice as a surgeon and accumulated his emoluments, but effectually secured to him, at the death of Dr. Douglas, the situation and encouragement of that able and reputable anatomist.

It was not till her Majesty had become the mother of two children, that in consequence of Mrs. Draper's earnest recommendation, and the Doctor's celebrity as a man-midwife, he had the honour to be nominated physician extraordinary to the Queen. Such a mark of distinction added the greatest popularity to the Doctor's former eminence. He now became the *favoured*, and had much more practice than it was possible for him to manage. His riches multiplied with his fame, and in the space of a very few years he acquired the highest reputation, at the same time that he amassed an immense fortune.

His ruling passion seems to have been that of a virtuosi. He discovered at least a strong predilection for every species of what in the various productions of nature and art are deemed most curious and valuable. He possessed the power of indulging this expensive taste to a very great extent, both by the command he had of money, and the number of his learned friends. He was, therefore, a great collector of
coins

coins and medals, and has instituted a very capital museum.

It is said he applied some time ago to the ministry for a piece of ground on which he might erect a building suited to his plan, promising to leave his whole scientific collection, liberally endowed, for the public service. This request, however, being rejected, he purchased the premises in Great Windmill-street, where he executed his design.

The Doctor was not above sixty-two or sixty-three years of age when he died. He has not left a very enormous fortune in money, perhaps not altogether above twenty thousand pounds.

His books, medals, minerals, coins, and all the other articles of which his celebrated collection consists, did not cost him less than fifty thousand pounds. His house, theatre, and museum, are left to his nephew Mr. Bailey. Mr. Cruickshank, the Doctor's partner, has the privilege of lecturing in the theatre for the term of thirty years. It then reverts to his lawful heir, and the museum goes to the College of Glasgow. Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Pitcairn, and Mr. Coombe, are the executors of his will and the guardians of his museum, which, for thirty years to come, is appropriated solely for the use of the publick.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. No. LXVII.

Τὸ δὲ μνημονεύτικον ἐστὶ μνήμη καὶ ἀναμνήσεως αὐτὸν τὰ κατὰ τὸν. NEMESIUS.

"Memory comprises the power of recollecting and storing up ideas."

JOHNSON.

IN the researches which I have studied to make into the human mind, none of its faculties have appeared to me so very inexplicable as memory. I once relieved myself from abstract speculation upon the subject, by an effusion of the following lines, which, if not good verse, do at least contain some thinking:

"While metaphysics rack the sickly brain,
What Memory is can any man explain?
Can any man with any clearness tell
How is produced what we all know so well?
If human souls are of an essence pure,
How fix ideas in them to endure?
And if material, canst not thou, Monro,
The little cells of our ideas show?
Ah! no. For here we ever, ever find
That all philosophers alike are blind."

To define Memory with precision is no easy matter. Cicero, in his admirable work *De Oratore*, gives it thus:

"*Memoria est per quam animus repetit illa quae fuerunt thesaurus rerum inventarum*—Memory is the faculty by which the mind recalls the ideas which have existed in it, and is a treasury of the things which it has found." But still we are not told how the faculty is exercised in either of those ways. Nemesius, one of the fathers who is not much known, and whose name is not to be found in Bayle's Dictionary, defines it to the same effect with Cicero,

but in fewer words, in the motto of this paper. He deserves to be more read, and to have more fame; for he has left us a treatise "*De Natura Hominis—Of the Nature of Man*," so well considered and composed, that the best parts of what has been published, one age after another, and in various languages, as metaphysics are to be found there. He gives a curious system of the *instrument* of Memory, which he says is the last or inner ventricle of the brain, whereas the first or outer ventricles are the instruments of perception or thought. He affirms that, according as you hurt one or other of those instruments, you destroy either of the faculties, and he gives a very entertaining experimental account of instances in confirmation of his theory.

But still we are left quite in the dark as to the essential nature of the faculty of Memory, and the manner in which its operations are performed. When we talk of a storehouse of our ideas, we are only forming an imagination of something similar to an enclosed portion of space in which material objects are deposited. But who ever actually saw this storehouse, or can have any clear perception of it when he endeavours by thinking closely to get a distinct view of it? It is "the fabrick of a vision," and every candid man

who has fairly tried to get at it will confess that he can have no confidence that it exists. I had the honour to have a conversation with *Voltaire* on this subject. I asked him, if he could give me any notion of the situation of our ideas which we have totally forgotten at the time, yet shall afterwards recollect. He paused, meditated a little, and acknowledged his ignorance in the spirit of a philosophical poet, by repeating as a very happy allusion a passage in Thomson's *Seasons*—*Aye*, said he, "Where sleep the winds when it is calm?"

Locke, in his essay concerning Human Understanding, exerts himself in vain to explain memory, though he treats of it with all his ability and ingenuity in the chapter *Of Retention*. He first adopts the ordinary definition:—"Memory is as it were the *Storehouse* of our ideas; for the narrow mind of man not being capable of having many ideas under view and consideration at once, it was necessary to have a *Repository* to lay up those ideas which at another time it might have use of." As, however, his penetration could not but see that all this is absolutely incompatible with a spiritual substance which mind is, he, immediately without any interruption or preparation whatever, proceeds very quietly, though most effectually, to contradict what he has been assuming, and to annihilate this supposed storehouse and repository. "But our ideas being nothing but actual perceptions in the mind, which cease to be any thing when there is no perception of them, this laying up of our ideas in the repository of the memory signifies no more but this, that the mind has a power, in many cases, to revive perceptions which it has once had, with this additional perception annexed to them, that it has had them before; and in this sense it is that our ideas are said to be in our memories, when indeed they are actually no where; but only there is an ability in the mind, when it will, to revive them again, and as it were paint them anew on itself, though some with more, some with less difficulty; some more lively, and others more obscurely. And thus it is, by the assistance of this faculty, that we are said to have all those ideas in our understandings, which though we do not actually contemplate, yet

we can bring in sight, and make appear again, and be the objects of our thoughts, without the help of those sensible qualities which first imprinted them there."

It is strange that this great philosopher should have chosen to adopt a vulgar image, which he was the next moment to refute as a vulgar error. And yet in my own mind I am not sure but there may be such an analogy between the nature of spirit and that of matter, as to admit of a receptacle of ideas. How it may be I have no conception, I go on as I set out, I am only amusing myself with speculating on a curious faculty, of which, it seems to me, I must remain in full and astonished ignorance till the Great Giver of all intelligence shall be pleased to bestow a larger portion of it.

A great politician, and at the same time a very good philosopher, observed to me, that *Locke*, who displayed such extraordinary powers in analysing human understanding, shewed he had very little use of it himself, when he attempted to apply it practically to the subject of government. I perfectly agree with the remark, however unpopular it may be in this age of popular disorder.

But as I am of that constitution and habit of mind, that it is more pleasing to me to admire than to find fault, I with pleasure take an opportunity of bringing under the view of my readers an excellence in *Locke*, for which he is not usually celebrated, I mean an excellence of style. The following paraphrase upon the failure of memory, in which, however, he again falls back to the notion refuted by himself, of there being in the mind a constant substance in which ideas exist, is a piece of beautiful composition, at once intelligible, pathetick, and richly figured.

"The memory in some men, it is true, is very tenacious, even to a miracle; but yet there seems to be a constant decay of all our ideas, even of those which are struck deepest, and in minds the most retentive; so that if they be not sometimes renewed by repeated exercise of the senses, or reflexion on those kind of objects which at first occasioned them, the print wears out, and at last there remains nothing to be seen. Thus the ideas,

as well as children of our youth, often die before us: and our minds represent to us those tombs, to which we are approaching; where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. *The pictures, drawn in our minds, are laid in fading colours*, and, if not sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear. How much the constitution of our bodies, and the make of our animal spirits are concerned in this, and whether the temper of the brain makes this difference, that in some it retains the characters drawn on it like marble, in others like freestone, and in others little better than sand, I shall not here enquire; though it may seem probable, that the constitution of the body does sometimes influence the memory; since we oftentimes find a disease quite strip the mind of all its ideas, and the flames of a fever in a few days calcine all those images to dust and confusion, which seemed to be as lasting, as if graved in marble."

Watts, in his *Improvement of the Mind*, says "Our Memory is our natural power of retaining what we learn, and of recalling it on every occasion." This is a good definition of a good memory. And we must be content to rest upon the surface without straining to pierce into causes which are hidden from us, and which have hitherto mocked the attempts of impatient philosophers. We should resolve to wait till a longer fathom line is granted us, and then we shall be able to sound depths which we cannot do in our present state of frail imperfection.

We may in the mean time have all the uses and all the pleasures of Memory. How much may be done to enlarge and assist it I cannot tell. It is disputed whether the "*Memoria technica*—artificial Memory," which has been variously cultivated, and earnestly recommended by some, be in reality of advantage in ordinary life, though certain it is that the art of writing, by which facts, and thoughts, and expressions are rendered permanent, is highly to be valued, and makes the chief distinction between barbarians and civilised society.

Many of the phenomena of Memory and circumstances attending it, while they puzzle a keen inquirer, are ex-

ceedingly amusing to a moderate observer. If there be no substance in the mind on which impressions are made, how is it that by reiterated repetition we produce this effect, that ideas and words which we are conscious were not in our minds before are now in it, and though forgotten or unobserved for a time, appear again in it? How is it that according to the common very expressive phrase, we get compositions *by heart*? If impressions are made upon some substance in the mind, may not forgetfulness of them be only that the perceptive faculty of the soul is turned to other objects, while these still remain ready to be perceived whenever the "mind's eye," glances upon them? An Hypochondriack is subject to forgetfulness, which may be owing to another cause; that there is a darkness in his mind, or that its perceptive eye is injured and weak at times. Or it may be thus: his ideas hide themselves like birds in gloomy weather; but in warm sunshine they spring forth gay and airy. It is plain they cannot rise if they are not there. Let an Hypochondriack then have his park well stocked. Let him get as many agreeable ideas into his mind as he can; and though there may in wintry days seem a total vacancy, yet when summer glows benignant, and the time of singing of birds is come, he will be delighted with gay colours and enchanting notes.

How is it that ideas ripen in the mind, so that a man shall go to bed with a very imperfect possession of what he has laboured to get by heart, and shall awake in the morning able to repeat it with distinctness and facility? Has he been at work all night without being conscious of it? Have other spirits been making impressions on his sensorium. Are there faculties in the mind quite separate one from another, which, like the eyes of Argus, may some of them be awake while others are asleep, and is the great faculty of consciousness not perpetually essential to many mental operations?

What are we doing while we are endeavouring to recollect an idea which we have forgotten? What faculty is then exerted? How is it exerted? Nothing can be more wildly mysterious. A learned and ingenious physician gave me a very pretty similitude as a slight explanation

explanation of it. Said he "You are like one who has forgotten nature, and tries all the sounds of a flute till his ear acknowledges its old acquaintance."

And what shall we say to the preservation of tunes in the memory. How do *they* exist? It is clear there is no *sound*, and neither is there any *sense*: what is it then that does exist? the *idea* of a *sound*? Strange vapour of contemplation! Yet we are all fully conscious of it. There needs no ghost to tell us it. To quote an authority for it would be ridiculous. But one is always glad to hear *Virgil* in illustration. One of his shepherds expressly says, "*Numeros memini si verba tene-rem—I recollect the time if I had the words.*"

As unaccountable a circumstance as any, concerning Memory, is the mechanical influence which we may have over it. A boy at school forgets to do something; he is beat for it, with a declaration of the purpose, "I'll teach you to remember better again, you rascal." The consequence is, that he actually does remember better again. Yet what communication can there be between his back and the spiritual faculty of Memory in his mind? I should conceive that as the body and mind are intimately united, and communicate one with another, beating him rouses the faculty of *attention*, which seems to be a distinct power in

the mind, which puts all the others in exertion.

Memory is not in a great degree in our power. But still less is forgetfulness. We have all tried it when children, and disturbed in the night by some frightful idea. But we tried it in vain. *Shakespeare* makes *Macbeth* solemnly but hopelessly ask the physician if he has any remedy to wear out direful traces from the brain; and the fable of the ancients of the river *Lethe*, by drinking the waters of which forgetfulness was obtained, is a proof of the general impression that supernatural aid was necessary.

Mason's Ode to Memory is in my estimation a noble piece of poetry. He gives some beautiful descriptions of its presenting scenes to the mind which are past or distant. He ascribes to it an active as well as a passive power, as *Locke* does, though I am not sure if that be philosophically accurate, and if the activity of recollection be not distinct from Memory. What he writes, however, is very fine, and I wish my readers to take it as a desert of rich flavour after this paper. It is too long to insert entire after so long an essay. But I shall conclude with a blaze, by giving the first four lines:

Mother of Wisdom! thou, whose sway
The throng'd ideal hosts obey, [pear,
Who bidst their ranks now vanish, now ap-
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear."

PARTICULARS OF RYLAND, AT PRESENT PRISONER FOR A CAPITAL FORGERY.

WE give the following articles concerning this unhappy man, not only to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, but from motives of public utility, and to hold him up as a dreadful example, in this luxurious age, of a man's reducing himself by dissipation, and committing the most atrocious crimes in order to support his imposition on the world, and encourage a course of cool and determinate profligacy.

William Wynne Ryland, who stands charged with forging acceptances to certain bills of exchange, with intent to defraud the East-India Company of 7114l. had taken lodgings in the house of one Freeman, a cobbler, at Mile End Green. The seam in the back of one of

Ryland's shoes being burst out, he had the cobbler up stairs to mend it. The cobbler said, he must have the shoe away with him; to which Ryland objected, and said he had better make him a new pair! Then, said the cobbler, I must have your shoe with me. Ryland declined letting him have the shoe; and when the cobbler was gone, he pasted a bit of paper on the mark of his own name, and sent him the shoe. The cobbler's curiosity, and also that of his wife, being raised to see the name, they examined, and finding it to be Ryland, and having observed the thief-takers had been much about in that neighbourhood, their suspicions were confirmed beyond a doubt, and the wife took a coach to the India House. She

then acquainted the secretary with her business, and required a promissory note for the three hundred pounds, fearing the money might otherwise be divided amongst other claimants. She then drove to Bow-street, and returned home with two of the justice's men. On seeing the coach stop, and the men and woman in it, Ryland instantaneously cut his throat, and was found lying in that situation on the floor when the parties entered the room.

It deserves to be observed, that three persons names, at different times, have been discovered by examining their shoes; one was, of a lady who had stolen something from a shop; another of a person falling down dead in a fit; and lastly, this of the poor unhappy Mr. Ryland!

Forgery gains a very alarming stride in this metropolis, and is a convincing proof how rapidly dissipation gets ground. Mr. Ryland is a very unhappy instance, that however favoured a man may be by fortune at one period of his life, there may be a time when he may sink into the lowest abyss of human misery. This gentleman has for a number of years enjoyed a pension of 200*l.* a year, the gift of his sovereign, and 100*l.* a year from his Majesty's private purse. That alone was sufficient to preserve a virtuous mind above the reach of temptation; but the least computation of his profits in business added 800*l.* per annum to that pension, with ease, and by way of amusement; and to this is also to be added his estate in Liverpool water-works, which was worth 10,000*l.* He was respected by his friends and neighbours; no man more esteemed by the world in general. What could direct his hand to the unfortunate deed?—Reader, that which, although your mind is now as pure as infancy, may lead you to the summit of the rock, and plunge you headlong to inevitable ruin, a visit at an E O table, where Mr. Ryland lost all the produce of his genius, and considerably more.

The Bank had a narrow escape from the ingenuity of Mr. Ryland, who took advantage of his acquaintance with one of the clerks, and the Bank had agreed to discount an East-India bill for 50,000*l.* Luckily it was asked the clerk, whether he thought Mr. Ryland, provided the bill was not duly honoured, could take it up; the clerk

had some doubt of his ability, and the discount was therefore declined just as the money was going to be paid.

This most unfortunate person was certainly eminent, and will long be remembered as a professional man. He studied drawing at the Academy of Artists then in St. Martin's-lane, and got a medal for an academy figure. He afterwards became an articled pupil of Ravenet, a French engraver of repute; and on the expiration of his time with Ravenet, when Mr. Strange declined engraving Ramsay's portraits of the King and Lord Bute, Ryland was the man pitched upon to make the plates, which appear to be executed well, but were much too long a time in-hand. His remuneration from the King on the occasion was very ample; it was a salary of 200*l.* a year as long as the work should occupy his time. The time occupied was eight years!

Nothing ever interested the feelings of mankind more than the sad case of the unhappy Ryland and his amiable family, who always lived together as man and wife, with the utmost cordiality of reciprocal affection. The latter has been deaf to all consolation since the melancholy event which deprived her of a husband, and her numerous family of a most tender and affectionate parent. Her sustenance has been only fluids, and those so sparingly taken as hardly sufficient to support her miserable existence. The friends of poor Ryland, who was loved by all who knew him, were no less grieved than astonished at his unaccountable deviation from the paths of rectitude and honour; and pity must be his portion in adversity who possessed the milk of human kindness, and was ever gentle in thought, word, and deed, and happy to relieve distress, as numbers can and will testify.

Mr. Ryland has at last, as the only compensation he could make for his crime, made a discovery to Mr. Sheriff Taylor of his accomplices in the forgery, who are three persons, two of whom he has particularised, but the name of the third he wishes to conceal. His throat is in a very dangerous state, and his recovery is hardly possible. He is extremely sensible of his approaching dissolution, and Mr. Sheriff Taylor attends him several times a day, to whom he has made a confession in writing, his speech being so affected as not to be intelligible.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.
ORIGINAL LETTERS SENT TO A FRIEND INCLINING
TOWARDS DEISM.

(Continued from our Magazine for February, p. 85.)

LETTER VI.

SUCH a revelation as the Christian being highly probable from its own intrinsic nature, and that very stamp of heavenly purity, which is visible in every part of it, what we have to do in order to ascertain its proper credibility, is to consider whether the account of miracles said to be wrought in attestation of it may be depended on. In other words, we are to enquire whether the books, which we usually call the scriptures, contain a faithful record of well attested facts. If this be the case—if we have just grounds to believe the scriptures, to be the dictates of eternal truth, we must in consequence of it also believe that the divine being hath certainly interposed in a most extraordinary manner, in the moral and natural government of the world; and that he hath impowered many persons with abilities beyond the skill or efforts of mere mortality, to authenticate the truths which they delivered to the world. For no man could do the miracles which Christ and his apostles did if God had not been with them:—that Almighty and universal Being who as he bestowed on nature all her powers, can suspend, controul, and reverse them at pleasure.

The reformation of the world, on a new plan of proceeding—a reformation which before it could be accomplished in its various branches, required the total abolition of numerous rites and ceremonies in the Jewish and Gentile world which authority had made sacred, and custom habitual, and to which the generality were most obstinately attached: a reformation begun and prosecuted on such a footing, required force and ability beyond the sphere of human foresight, and the highest exertions of human power. Now, though natural means were always employed by our Lord, where those means were evidently sufficient to accomplish his purposes, yet in a variety of instances, such means would have been of no avail at all to answer his ends.

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They would have been borne down by the strong current of opposition, which rushed so impetuously against the reformation which our Lord had in view. That great object which filled his mind was alone the work of omnipotence. To that he submitted it. The patronage and influence of a power more than mortal, he gave the most illustrious proofs of through every scene of his ministry. It was this which gave efficacy to his words, when the deaf heard—when the dumb spake—when the blind received their sight—when the lepers were cleansed—when the dead were raised—and when immortal souls felt the irresistible force of his doctrine, and experienced all “the powers of the world to come.” It was this gave courage and intrepidity to his conduct: it was this converted pains into pleasure—made every burden light, and triumphed over the united influence of cruelty and stratagem. This made him smile in the very face of danger and death; and preserved the dignity and composure of his mind, amidst the most distressing and humiliating scenes of life—amidst poverty, contempt, and reproach:—amidst the neglect of friends and the cruelty of foes. Supported by the presence of infinite wisdom and power, and the constant and animating sense of his own spotless and inviolable integrity, he was equally prepared for life or death. The latter he met—not with the false courage or pretended insensibility of an impostor; but with the silent meekness—the amiable resignation of a martyr to the truth.

Whatever he might have said or done whilst he lived, and how warmly so ever he might have appeared to have interested himself in the success of his doctrines, yet he could not have given satisfactory proof even of his *own* belief of a future and an immortal state (which seems to be the *ultimate object* of the Christian revelation in general, and in particular of the death and resurrection of our Saviour) unless he

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had

had actually died in the full expectation of it:—and after all it would have wanted the certainty of a matter of fact to us, if he had not fulfilled his prediction of rising from the dead. His voluntary death was a strong proof of his own firm persuasion of the truths which he preached: his resurrection confirmed them as truths to us. He was convinced of them and therefore died:—he rose from the grave that all might believe.

Hence we see the reason and propriety of the apostles triumph—"It is Christ that died:—yea rather that is risen again." We glory in his death as the great sacrifice of the world; but we raise our songs of praise to a more elevated pitch when we contemplate his resurrection. This great object enlivens our hopes—dispels the gloomy horrors which invest the grave, and opens a bright eternity on our view.

An enthusiast might die with exultation in the belief of the most extravagant follies: and the pride of an impostor might affect tranquillity even in the very struggles of death.

But the grave would bury the raptures of the one and shroud the ostentation of the other. But though Jesus died he rose again. Though he died insulted, he rose adored. In this there could be no deception. To effect this was beyond the fancies of the enthusiast—beyond the artifices of the impostor. He who gave death its power could alone spoil its victory. The being who commissioned it to strike, could alone heal the wound.

LETTER VII.

GIVE me leave to sum up the evidences of the resurrection in particular (leaving other miracles to your own observations) and present them to you in one view.

The disciples could not be deceived by fancy, nor imposed on by fraud in any affair which was as open and evident as the noon day. Let me appeal for a moment to common sense. Could the eyes, the ears, the feelings of men—of such a number of men lose at once—universally lose their common powers and perceptions?—lose them too for so long a time as our Saviour's continuance on earth after his resurrection, viz. forty days? Impossible!—absolutely so!—

Further.—To publish the doctrine of Christ's resurrection as an infallible truth, without a full conviction of it in the manner in which they did, and the circumstances in which they were, is the most unassumeable thing in the world.

As it is easy in this case to clear the disciples of the imputation of delusion and mistake, so it is equally easy to clear them of fraud and imposture.

I ask sober reason, what ends those persons could have in exposing themselves every day to "cruel mockings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonment"—to the extremest tortures of body—to all the horrors of crucifixion and other the most terrible deaths for publishing a known falsity:—for if it had been a falsity they must have known it beyond all reasonable doubt. For consider; they asserted the resurrection of their master and produced the evidences of it wherever they went as the capital proof of the divinity of their religion and the unshaken foundation of their hopes and happiness. Yea, they asserted it—not as a hearsay story that could be traced up to no particular and positive evidence—but they asserted it on the footing of personal evidence; and persisted in the evidence founded on ocular demonstration and convictions perfectly unconquerable, in the prospect of martyrdom—in the very agonies of death, and went out of the world triumphing in the witness they were honoured to bear to a risen Saviour.

I need not tell you how absurd it is to imagine that any should be so amazingly zealous for a known falsity who had their reason to exercise, and their feelings all alive about them. We cannot suppose that so many hundreds should be so mad and frantic—so desperately fool-hardy as to go from city to city publishing what they had no just evidence of the truth of—and not only so, but that which they had all the reason in the world to think from their own experience and daily observation, would expose them to the severest punishments; the cruellest and most ignominious deaths; and from which as they could have no prospect of gain here, so neither could they flatter their hopes with the least expectation of a future reward. For, they were not to learn, since natural conscience would have taught them, that dying in the defence

defence of a known falsity would have made their guilt ten-fold greater:—it would have been sealing their very condemnation with their blood.

I have attempted to set the evidences of our Saviour's resurrection in as strong and clear a light as possible.

The reflections which I have made on this important head, arose spontaneously from the *manner* in which the evangelists treat of it. There is that beautiful simplicity, and at the same time strong evidence in the original narration of the facts concerning the resurrection of Jesus, that I could no more resist the truth and power of it than I could that of a mathematical demonstration:—and the preceding train of argument I was naturally led into before I read any thing very considerable on the subject.

LETTER VIII.

AS for the doctrines and principles of Christianity, they are to be looked for—not in copies, but in the original.

Let the lawyers wrangle about *this* or *that*, or a thousand things; I have nothing to do but to search the original statutes of the legislature.

The Bible is the code of true religion. All disputes about principles are to be referred to it. Will they stand the test of strict and impartial comparison with the great statutes of Heaven? If they will not, they may be fit for *graceless* zealots and wrong-headed divines to fight about: but the honest man and the good Christian who is willing to have *his life in the right*, had better despise them as religious lumber, neither fit for use or ornament.

Be sure to attend to the *general* design of scripture. *Particular* texts must be interpreted in a consistence with the great and *prevailing* end—the *universal* scope of the divine word. If we do not take this fundamental rule for the interpretation of scripture with us, we shall make it speak nonsense and even blasphemy. The doctrine of *transubstantiation*. (*supposing* it to be true) could not have been revealed in a stronger mode of expression or in words more determinate and appropriate than “*This is my body*,” &c. &c. If we do not believe that most absurd doctrine of the Romish church, we must call in *common sense* and *plain reason* to our assistance. We must divest the expres-

sion of its *literal* dress, and search for its genuine sense in the universal strain of scripture, and that sound judgement by which we compare spiritual things with spiritual, and discover the connection of *parts* with the *whole*.

I know that some persons are greatly alarmed at this method of interpretation. The reason of their fears is exceedingly obvious. But solid truth fears no search. The beauty of its form is most seen when most examined. There is what apes its appearance, but the evidence of day detects the cheat. Base metals may counterfeit the true in shape, colour, image, and superscription. The weighty, pure bullion only stands the trial of the fire and the balance.

Dare to believe the truths of the bible *as* the Bible reveals them. It is nothing at all to you whether South was a Sabellian and Sherlock a Tritheist—Clarke an Arian, and Foster a Socinian. Let it not disturb your faith, because the one maintained such a personality as only implies a *distinct mode of representation* in the divine conduct; which, though qualified with orthodox terms, is at bottom no better than pure Socinianism: and let it be a matter equally indifferent to you, on the other hand, whether Dr. Sherlock, by admitting three distinct *spirits* (like Mr. Howe) actually overthrew or supported the doctrine of the Trinity:—or whether Dr. Clarke, by not allowing of the application of the term *creature* to the son, undid his whole scheme at once, or thereby removed the strongest objection against it:—or lastly, whether Dr. Foster, Dr. Lardner, or to sum up all these distinguishing Socinians in one popular name, Dr. Priestley, by maintaining that Christ was no more than a man, and in *all* respects like unto his brethren (except in his miraculous birth, and the more plenary communications of divine wisdom) make nothing at all of Christianity, or by explaining away every thing of mystery make it more rational and better accommodated to the taste of Jews and Deists, and the common nature of *all* mankind:—you need not, my friend, give yourself any kind of disturbance about this diversity of sentiment amongst divines. The only thing you have to do is to read the Bible for *yourself* with a diligent and impartial eye

eye (not forgetting to ask wisdom of the Great Father of lights) that you may learn from the Bible what its genuine principles are. By this method of enquiry you will be better qualified to see which of the preceding disputants are in the right, or whether any of them are so.

I can recommend this practice with

a hearty good will from my own experience of the benefit and satisfaction which attend it. It hath eased my mind of various scruples and perplexities: and though it hath not cleared up all difficulties, it hath had this very good effect—it hath taught me to bear them with resignation to eternal wisdom.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE PRESENT BISHOP OF LLANDAFF'S IDEA OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE CROWN.

IN the embarrassing situations of private life, we all acknowledge the propriety, and feel the utility, of consulting, not humble and pliant dependents, but sensible and independent friends: when our own understandings are distracted by doubts, heated by resentment, instigated by ambition, depressed by despair, or deranged and disordered by the violence of any affection, the advice of an honest, independent, and dispassionate friend, is of the greatest use; it may often, at the moment of its being given, be very unpalatable, but it is always salutary, and we seldom fail to repent the not having taken it. It is the misfortune of men in elevated situations, that they seldom meet with friends who will speak plainly to them, or attempt to stop their career of folly or extravagance; the fear of offending cramps the disposition for advising; many a great estate has been foolishly dissipated, many a fair character undone, by the timid forbearance, the interested acquiescence of expecting dependents; which might have been preserved intire and unfulfilled, by the firm remonstrance of an honest friend. This observation is certainly as applicable to the concerns of publick as of private life; the advice of an independent parliament is as serviceable to the crown, as that of an independent friend is to an individual. We know by whom it was said, *where no counsel is the people fall; but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety*; and we know too, that the wise king who said it, would have said no such thing, had he suspected that an external influence, rather than an internal conviction, would have rendered his multitude of counsellors

all of the same mind. The principles of those who have spoken against the influence of the crown, have been either much misunderstood, or much misrepresented; they have been accused, by sly inuendos, of designing to ruin the constitution by lowering the prerogative; of wishing to introduce the most tyrannous (in my apprehension) of all governments, a republick, in the room of a limited monarchy. For my own part, and I verily believe I am far from being singular in my notions, I take this opportunity of publicly declaring to your Grace, what I have a thousand times before declared to my friends in private, that I never entertained the most distant desire of seeing either the democratical, or the aristocratical scale of the constitution, outweigh the monarchical; not one jot of the legal prerogative did I ever wish to see abolished; not one tittle of the King's influence in the state to be destroyed, except so far as it was extended over the deliberations of the hereditary counsellors of the crown, or the parliamentary representatives of the people. I own I have wished, and I own (with a heart as loyal as the loyalist) that I shall continue to wish, that an influence of this kind may be diminished; because I firmly believe that its diminution will, eventually, tend to the conservation of the genuine constitution of our country; to the honour of his Majesty's government; to the stability of the Hanover succession; and to the promotion of the publick good. Had the influence here spoken of been less predominant of late years, had the measures of the cabinet been canvassed by the wisdom, and tempered by the moderation of men exercising their free powers

powers of deliberation for the common weal, the brightest jewel of his Majesty's crown had not now been tarnished; the strongest limb of the British empire had not now been rudely severed from its parent stock. I make not this remark with a view of criminating any set of ministers (for the best may be mistaken in their judgements, and errors which are past should be forgotten, buried in the zeal of all parties to rectify the mischiefs they have occasioned) but simply to shew, by a recent example, that the influence of the crown when exerted by the *cabinet*, over the *publick* counsellors of the King, is a circumstance so far from being to be wished by his true friends, that it is as dangerous to the real interests and honour of the crown itself, as it is odious to the people, and destructive of publick liberty; it may contribute to keep a prime minister in his place contrary to the sense of the wisest and best part of the community; it may

contribute to keep the King himself unacquainted with his people's wishes, but it cannot do the King or the state any service. To maintain the contrary, is to satyrize his Majesty's government, it is to insinuate that his views and interests are so disjoined from those of his people, that they cannot be effectuated by the uninfluenced concurrence of honest men. It is far beneath the character of a great and an upright monarch, to be suspected of a desire to carry any plans of government into execution in opposition to the sentiments of a free and enlightened parliament; and the minister who should be base enough to advise him to adopt such an arbitrary system of government, or should supply the corrupted means of carrying it on, would deserve the execration of every man of integrity, and would, probably, sooner or later, meet with the deserved detestation of the Prince himself.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.
THE SOLDIER.
A TALE.

(In a letter to a friend, from an officer in the war before last.)

DEAR CHARLES,

I Am now at Dover, and take this moment of leisure to write to my friend. Stopping to bait my horses on Baughton-hill yesterday, I met with an adventure, which, I flatter myself, will afford you not a little entertainment.

Before I had nigh risen the summit, I could not forbear turning round to observe the beauties of the prospect. Let this sketch suffice: for I leave the colouring to your imagination. The stream entwining its serpentine folds around an island; here cattle were grazing in the shade of a ruined monastery. The rising corn, in waving folds, mantled the hills, and carpeted the vales. The hanging woods bowed their heads to the stream as it passed through the meadows. The breeze-filled sail, seeming to glide along the land, gave the scene, in appearance, the air of enchantment.

After this general view, my sight, for ease, began to rest itself upon particular objects, when I perceived a lit-

tle hut at the bottom, which had, as I passed it, escaped my notice.

The sign of invitation hung from the wall. I was struck with its simplicity and humility of situation. In a word, I alighted from my horse, and gave the bridle to Tom, desiring he would follow me. While Tom led the horses behind the house in search of the stable, I went in to search for a breakfast. Opening the door, I found my hostess employed in laying her tea-equipage. She no sooner perceived her guest, than instantly she flew to a door which she unlatched, and desired I would walk into the parlour, with, "Pray, Sir, have you breakfasted?" I thought this rather familiar. But considering her motives, that her water was boiling, her cups and saucers laid, and these, most probably, her only set, I found she was only desirous of giving me the preference, instead of herself, and a poor soldier who was sitting in the chimney corner. Thus it was—my dress,

dress, not my merit, was going to defer their meal. I know you will exclaim with me, "What is compliment, this outward respect, that we should so earnestly desire it? It is not the reward of merit, but the idolatry of appearance." Thus I continued:—"That poor soldier, who, perhaps, is just returned from fighting the cause of her in the general cause of his country, must be left starving for the want of that which my tinsel is going to deprive him—it shall not be." I then asked our landlady, if she knew where he was come from? "Yes, Sir (said she)—As he tells me, he is come from Dover, and is going on furlough to his friends; though, who knows, Sir, he may be a deserter, for ought we know—however, that's no business of our's."—"Well (replied I) and who knows, good woman, that he is not come from the wars? and, as I am going to them, will you tell him I should be glad of his company to breakfast with me."—"La, Sir (she returned) he'll breakfast mighty well after you have done."—"Perhaps he may (said I) but, if he pays you for his meal, why should he wait for me or any other?"—"As you please, Sir," said she, and left the room. She delivered her message so audibly that I could hear the particulars. "Friend (she said, in a tone composed of contempt and disappointment) you are to breakfast in the *parlour*." On *parlour* she was particularly emphatical. "You may well stare (continued she) poor soul! I dare believe you never breakfasted before in all your born-days in a parlour! But birds of a feather will flock together—though 'tis no business of mine." And, as she was stirring the fire, I heard her continue, "He's never the gentleman he appears to be, or he would not be fond of such company." As the soldier sat considering, she cried, "Why don't you go, man?—the gentleman waits for you."—"What gentleman?" asked he.—"Why, the gentleman (she answered) that I shewed into the parlour desires to have your company to breakfast. How often must I tell you?"—"Does he know me?" replied he.—"I don't know whether he does or no (said she) that's no business of mine: I have delivered my message; and, I assure you, if you don't go, I won't be *sleeping* all day for you. So,

if you have a mind to have any breakfast, go when and where it is to be had."—The soldier came.

When he entered the room, his appearance greatly prepossessed me in his favour. There was something in his aspect told me, these were not the sort of days he was used to see. Sorrow had fallowed his cheek before the autumn should have blown away the rose from it. According to his appearance, his years should have been those of summer, but they were those of winter. Agreeable to my request, he sat down. I was certainly rude; for I never shall forget the time I was contemplating his countenance. To describe it is impossible, although it is now before me. There was in it such a manly sweetness you scarce ever perceived. His eyes were neither the piercing black, nor the lively blue; nor were they those which seem to start from their spheres to pry into another's concerns: on the contrary, they were rather depressed; they seemed to be retired to observe *himself*. On his brow sat manhood and honesty, with every other virtue that could win the heart; and yet the steps of care I saw too visible. I had taken so much involuntary notice of him, that he was alarmed. "Sir (said he) do you perceive any traces of former acquaintance in my countenance, that you observe it with so fixed, so silent an attention?"—"No, really, Sir (answered I) I ask your pardon; for it is quite otherwise. I never saw your face before; nor do I remember to have seen the like. But pardon me, I beg. How goes the war in Flanders? I am going there to join my regiment."—"I wish you success, Sir (he replied) with all my heart; and that you may never depart from the path of honour. O! that I had begun at your years, unembarrassed by any other affliction or distress; then I might have had my share of honour and happiness. But, as it is, I must be content, and bear my distresses as a man and a soldier—though a poor one!"—"Pray (said I) excuse my curiosity. Which way are you travelling? Are you going my road? If you are, we will travel together. I want a companion to take a part of a chaise with me. Your story, might it be related, would engage the time most agreeably, Sir."—"I can scarcely sup-

pose, Sir (said he) a tale of sorrow could be agreeable to one who appears to have so much sensibility as yourself."—"Your pardon, Sir (answered I)—to sympathise with distress is more pleasing to me than to participate of enjoyment."—"Your goodness (returned he) claims my confidence. As I cannot possibly accompany you, and the time of my furlough will scarcely permit me sufficient stay with my friends, I shall, without further delay, tell you some particulars which may be a warning to you in the dearest attachments of life—I mean matrimony. You are young. Be cautious.

"I was, like you, Sir, launched into the world in the spring of life, with every hope, from fortune and connexion, of enjoying the summer of happiness. But love blasted all my blossoms, and left me this withered twig on the stem of existence. I became enamoured with a young lady of family, without fortune. Indeed, her family and beauty were all she could boast. However, I married her, and began business as a Lisbon merchant, which I continued for some years with very great success. This I most probably might have done until this time, had not the perverse behaviour of my wife estranged my affections from my family, and, as the sequel will shew, ruined and reduced me to the poor soldier you see before you! But why do I lament? not at being a poor soldier—but a wretched one! My old faded coat (continued he, looking at it) seems to revive again in blushes at my weakness!" He had taken up one of the skirts which he let fall, saying, "Blush no more! I will not shame thee! I am a man again!—Sir (said he) I beg your pardon. To return: I found very little incentive to industry. The man of genuine feelings, when hurt as mine were, and that in the most tender of them, what must he suffer? Alas! I at this moment feel for him, and myself likewise! I soon found myself not the real object of her love. In truth, she was incapable of the passion, notwithstanding there never lived of it a greater dissembler: so that it was no wonder my senses, and unwary heart, were the dupes of her artifice; especially as my affection blunted the acuteness of my discernment. You are a young man. Beware of coquettes.

They play with the heart as anglers do with the fish they have newly caught. They take pleasure in the pain they see their captive feel; and the more it agonises, the more it pleases them. If they lose it, not feeling for the wound they have given it, they throw their line repeatedly, until they have caught one to their purpose. This was my wife's behaviour. Having caught me to feed her pleasures, her behaviour became intolerable. My house, instead of being, as every man's should be, a peaceful harbour from the storms of life, was the rendezvous for every sort of dissipation, revelling, dancing, gaming, and intriguing, till I could endure it no longer. The next morning, after one of these revels, I took an opportunity to acquaint her, that if such were the kinds of life she was disposed to lead, I must get a separate house for myself and my business. She answered, 'As soon as you please, Sir: the sooner the better. For I am as heartily tired of your unsociable company, as it is possible for you to be of mine, and my innocent amusements.' This answer struck me, for the moment, dumb with amazement.

"I had hitherto forborne to stop her career, as I really loved her, and further flattered myself into the persuasion that she loved me. How easy is it to flatter ourselves into the opinion of possessing what would be our greatest misery to want! But this speech of her's dispelled the illusion. My indignation was increased in proportion to my disappointment. Without further reply, I sent for a chair. It came; and I desired she would walk into it; telling her, with me she should not remain another instant. She immediately burst into tears; asked me how she had forfeited my love, my protection? Said, if she had spoken any thing to anger me, she did not mean it—she was vexed: that I knew how much I was beloved by her: and nothing could possibly distress her so much as the parting from me; adding, there was not one thing but she would comply with, if I would but revoke the cruel sentence. At this instant, to all appearance, she swooned away. Man! man! how art thou the sport of such deceit! how dim is thy sight, that its rays should not pierce so flimsy a veil! For I believed all she had said—even relented and forgave

forgave—aye, owned myself sorry for having given her so much anxiety. You may suppose at these declarations she soon recovered. She did; and, rising from the sofa, said, in a tone of affected softness and tenderness, ‘Indeed, I did not expect such cruelty from my dear Blissett; I was once your beloved and loving Eliza.’ How I shudder at the name! But to be as brief as possible. We afterwards spent the day very sociably and very agreeably—and, once more, I thought myself happy.

“In the evening, said she, “My dear Blissett, I am going to the play—will you give me the pleasure of your company?” To conceive her artifice, you must be informed, that she knew I had such foreign letters of importance to answer that evening, that it was impossible for me to accompany her; for I always informed her of every matter of mutual concern. I considered a wife should be the friend and adviser of her husband. Why withhold any occurrence, where both are equally interested, from her you have chosen as the partner of your cares, pains, and pleasures? Besides, I always experienced an undescribable pleasure in advising on, or unbofoming my cares, when she would give them attention. This was but seldom. To proceed; as she knew of these letters, she had the credit of paying me the compliment, and safety in prosecuting her further intentions. The time drawing near of her going to the play, she said, ‘As she could not have the pleasure of my company, she would call on a Mrs. ****, and ask her to go with her.’ This lady was her only companion. To this resolve I answered, ‘Eliza, you will not be detained longer than the play.’—‘My dear (said she) what should detain me from returning to you?’—‘Nay—(answered I) is it possible to say how far the persuasions of Mrs. **** might tempt you to go home with her, and spend the night as usual?’—‘No indeed, Blissett (she replied) I will not be persuaded. You shall see if I am.’—‘Good bye, dear.’ She ended with taking her leave.

“Having written my letters sooner than expected, I went to see the remaining part of the play—an amusement to which I was always most partial. It was where I sought relaxation

for a few hours from the fatigues of business. I went this evening purposefully to escort the two ladies home. But, going to the box I knew was always their choice, if not engaged, how was I surprised not to find them! As the door-keeper knew them, I immediately asked him, if they had been there that evening? He told me, they had; and two gentlemen who came after the second act, had escorted them home, he supposed. In the greatest rage, I could not help exclaiming, ‘Did they go with the gentlemen?’—‘Yes (replied he) they went all in a coach together: for I heard one of them desire his servant to bid the coachman to draw up to the pavement.’—‘Pray (said I) have you any knowledge of either of them? Where they live? Their liveries?’—‘I think, Sir (answered he) the one was my Lord C——.’—‘It is very well,’ said I. I ran immediately home, took my sword, wrapped myself in my furtout, and, with all the speed that rage and resentment could excite, hastened to — square, the residence of Lord C——.

“Going up the street which led into the square, I saw a crowd of people, but I was in too great haste to enquire the cause. Passing it, however, I heard one gentleman tell another, it was Lord C——’s carriage. It was enough. I ran into the midst of the crowd, and perceived my wife in the arms of his lordship—heard her say—‘If you be not hurt, my Lord, I am happy.’ This roused me beyond myself. ‘Villain (cried I) leave the wanton, and defend yourself against the rage of an injured husband.’ He obeyed the summons on the instant, and let my wife fall on the floor of the coach. I had retreated from the crowd, and had drawn my sword. He was no sooner disengaged, than his was also drawn. This was an incident that seemed to lock up all interposition with the spectators. They surrounded us to observe—not to prevent our combat. ‘Now, Sir (said Lord C——) to answer your utmost rage, and to excite it the more, know that your wife has been familiar to me these twelve months. Thou egregious cuckold! this I bestow on thee in return for the name in which you hailed me!’ We engaged; and, the first thrust, I pierced his heart—though not with the lasting agony he had before

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fore pierced mine: for he fell instantly. Seeing him fall, it was time for escape, which the crowd most humanely favoured, although one of his footmen followed me through several streets. But at last I had the good fortune to lose him. I continued my pace until I reached the quay, where some Dutch fishing vessels were just happening to set sail for Helvoetsluys. The moment I saw the water, I had the presence of mind to throw into it my sword, to prevent the blood on it discovering the deed I had committed. I went on board the vessel, and, having a tolerable passage, found myself in two days landed in Holland. I was here without friends and without money, except two guineas and some silver, which only proved sufficient to pay my passage, and to supply me until I reached the seat of our army in Flanders. It was here I inlisted. A party of us having been relieved and sent home, I happened to be one of them. Having obtained a furlough, I am now going to see my mother, who lives in Sussex. She retired on my marriage, her husband being then deceased, on a jointure of one hundred pounds a year.—‘Pray, Sir (said I) have you heard what became of your wife?’ ‘Yes, Sir (he answered) I have, since I came home. After she had sold off my stock, and collected what part of my debts she could, she sold her furniture, and retired to some distance in the country; though I hear she is now living in furnished lodgings in some very retired part of the town.’ I then asked him what children he had by her. He said

he had one, a girl, whom he expected to have the happiness of seeing with his mother. I asked him also, if he was not afraid of being seen in the country? He replied, in this disguise, no one could possibly remember him: ‘But (continued he) I was somewhat alarmed when you surveyed me with so much attention.’—‘And what security can you have from my appearance, that you thus trust me with your life?’ His answer was, ‘Should you *now* attempt it, my bayonet would end your’s: my danger has made me desperate. And as you are not acquainted with my real name, for the name of Blisset is fictitious, you cannot find me by after-enquiry. Were you to pursue me, you would pass me without knowing I was the same person; for my danger has provided me against all possibility of discovery. I therefore, Sir, with you all the honour of a soldier, with the happiness of a man. But, before I leave you, if you value your life, you will not tempt my desperation so far as to leave this room for a quarter of an hour. Farewell?’ When the quarter was expired, I called my hostess, and asked her if the soldier was gone. She told me he staid no longer than to pay for his night’s lodging. Being now at liberty myself, I ordered my horses, and proceeded on my journey.

To make any comments upon this story, would be to forestal the satisfaction of hearing your’s in the answer I expect to receive from you, directed as I desired when we parted. I am,

Your sincere friend,

W.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. STRICTURES ON THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

THE *School for Scandal* is still so much the talk and amusement of the whole town, that the impression it is most likely to make deserves no common share of attention. Whatever engrosses any degree of the public concern, must produce a proportionable effect on society.—What then is the moral of this new comedy?—What vices does it explode?—What virtues does it inculcate?—What reformation is it intended to make on such as habitually attend the stage?—And what good fruits have we to expect in general. LOND. MAG. April, 1783.

ral from the crowds it draws, and the pleasure it bestows.

Never was the foible, whence the play takes its name, so rampant and predominant as at present.—Posterity may probably have occasion to remark, that refinement in this base and barbarous art was none of the least notorious and distinguishing characteristics of our manners. In what company are not killing time and killing reputations inseparable practices.—That politeness, which was meant at least as the shadow of humanity, excludes at present nothing

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thing so much.—What a pity, that such a profusion of Polish should be thus connected with such effusions of virulence. But it often happens in the human fabric, that the outside never shines more than when the interior is in ruins. External accomplishments are, but too frequently, the hollow gildings of intellectual deformity.

To destroy this strange intemperature of heart, our author sets all his dramatic powers to work, and attacks the prevailing mode of scandal with all the brilliancy of wit, all the poignancy of ridicule, and all the honest indignation of Satire.—The pitiful wretches who fabricate and spread such aspersions as thus disturb the peace of families, and blast the worthiest characters, he very justly exposes as equally ridiculous and contemptible. These he not only consigns to public scorn and ignominy, but with strict poetical justice frustrates their deepest machinations, and leaves the spectators abundantly convinced, *that the most plausible tales of this kind we hear, in general at least, owe as much to spite as to reality; and that instead of every scandalous report having some foundation in fact, as the saying is; universal approbation, according to experience, as well as the Gospel, is often a most suspicious circumstance.*

The first scene of the play discloses a consultation between *Lady Sneerwell*, whose dispositions are peculiarly dark and intriguing, and the editor of a news paper, about the publishing some malicious reports in the consequence of which she is deeply interested. Surely, when the channels of intelligence are thus poisoned at the source, society must be a sufferer at large. Here was a fair opportunity of avenging an injured public, and domestic life, of an assassin, from whose inhuman attacks no individual is free. Nor is it difficult to guess, why *Snake* is either so tenderly handled, or so tamely dismissed. Few writers are now so simple as to have but one object, and he would be a miracle of folly, as well as of fortitude, who, in these dregs of times, could boldly step forth and risque every thing on the unpopular side of virtue.

The more I think on this subject, the more I find it would be necessary to enlarge; but I have neither time, inclination, nor ability, to treat it with that copiousness and ingenuity which

it deserves. This declaration I should have made before; but that it never struck me so forcibly as now, while I struggle to comprize in a few sentences what would fill a volume.

The title of this play was so promising, that I gladly imagined the author had availed himself of their blunders who preceded him. Guess, then, how much I must have been disappointed, to find him adopt their plan implicitly, and work on the same pernicious principles that the poets of the last century, in particular, carried to such a fatal extreme. That this observation may be better understood, I must beg leave once more to introduce the *Two Brothers*, to the reader's attention, as their characters form the leading contrast in the play.

Charles, to whom the affections of the audience are chiefly conciliated, is a young profligate spark of fashion, without œconomy, temperance, or consideration; who having spent his all, minds nothing but how to get more, without the vulgar means of industry; who cares not how much he squanders of what is not his own, provided he can be a rogue in an honest way, or possess another's property without risking his neck; in short, he is one of those modern fine gentlemen, who devote their whole substance, time, and talents, alternately, to wine, gambling, and gallantry. Surely a character of this kind, endowed with so many agreeable qualities as meet in him, is the very worst spectacle our youth can behold. From such polluted and enchanting scenes the increasing profligacy of the nation must originate. What can be a grosser prostitution of the stage, than to make the hero of a piece, that ought to breathe nothing but the purest morality, an avowed libertine? Is a motley picture of wantonness and wit proper to be exhibited as a public example? Are not the rising generation in danger enough already from the lives of their parents, and the flagrant enormities they meet with every where, that the places of common diversion must be thus converted into vehicles of licentiousness? Such is the fascinating glare of luxury in this metropolis, that their hearts are inflamed almost as soon as their eyes are open. Every thing around them has the most immediate tendency to excite their desires of indulgence, and prompt

prompt their passions for show. A young fellow, therefore, thus accomplished with every fashionable folly, starting so keenly in pursuit of extravagance, is a sight extremely flattering to the rising wishes of every tender heart. Generosity, gratitude, vivacity, and good-nature, are added to gild the poisonous pill; as if all the most shining virtues of humanity could ever be found in conjunction with indolence, injustice, and dissipation. Hence, however, it may be fairly inferred, that vice still owes her success to a nominal connection with virtue: for such a connection can never be *real*. Good and bad prosperities are not only essentially distinct, but mutually contradictory and destructive; so that the man who has no command of himself, may be a fortunate, but cannot be a blameless character. Unbridled indulgence naturally debilitates the intellects, lets imagination loose, perverts the workings of humanity, and relaxes the heart. The vices of a rake are not the incidental effects of that frailty so peculiar to our common nature; but the genuine ebullitions of a mind radically depraved; and the poor spicery of virtue, which he sometimes discovers, is retained merely to conceal his noxious qualities from public inspection; for you may generally find him declaiming against hypocrisy with all possible violence, at the same time that it is the daily study of his life how most successfully to impose on the world, and appear to others in a better light than he does to himself. Can, therefore, the intemperate sallies of a listless heart, though sometimes on the side of humanity, be an adequate compensation for the want of that settled probity and rectitude which ought to regulate our affections, and direct our conduct; so that whatever tends to recommend virtue without purity, humanity without reason, generosity without justice, or beneficence without principle, should be reprobated as a school for every extravagance, of which all undisciplined hearts are susceptible. The single speech of *Charles* to *Rowley*, as he reasons with him on the state of his debts, is, notwithstanding, a *damning proof*, how extremely vitiated the public taste must now be, since a maxim, thus repugnant to the spirit of every regular society, is still received with the loudest approbation.

Come, come (says he) you are always preaching up the old proverb, be just before you are generous. Why so, I would if I could; but justice is an old, lame, bobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with generosity, for the soul of me.

The character of *Joseph*, the other brother, strikes me at least as an heterogeneous compound of parsimony, gallantry, sentiment, and treachery: the elements that compose the universe are certainly not more dissimilar and jarring. A miserable, rakish, feeling, and perfidious villain, is a monster unknown to human nature; nor do I see any reason at present, but one, for exposing this poor antiquated sort of hypocrisy, while it continues the taste of the times to suppress, if possible, every appearance of decency. The question with modish writers, will not be what is proper, but what will please? The *ton* of the public is to them precisely what the cobweb is to the spider. They literally hang on it for all they want, and instantly set about spinning another, whenever it loses the power of catching: and, trust me, they are not such conjurors as to forego their interest for the poor, vulgar, and contemptible pleasure of one generous attempt to make the public better than they found it. The impression their productions make signify nothing to them, provided their fame circulates, and their fortune rises.

It is curious enough to observe, by what gradual progress universal depravity overwhelms society. The votaries of libertinism began first by extolling moral sentiment at the expence of religion: but now that the latter is wholly out of the question, they point all their batteries against the former. By some of this author's *petites pieces*, that appeared occasionally during the winter season, he certainly discovered himself to be a man of feeling. What then can have exasperated him now against qualities thus congenial to his own nature, that he exerts all his address to lay them under an universal proscription? Is he angry that they should be sometimes prostituted to the purposes of knavery? So am I, so are thousands; so is every one that has any regard for worth. What then, shall we reprobate the genial rays of the sun, because they cherish *Nettle*, and *Nightshade*, as well as vines and roses? What

What would become of the good, were they prohibited the use of whatever has been abused by the bad?

I shall probably be told, that the author means only to expose and explode such sentiments as have no connection with principle. Then he combats a chimera, and conjures up a spectre, merely that he may have the pleasure of laying it; for the whole phenomena of human nature afford perpetual demonstration, that there is in truth no such thing. Be assured, mere temporary feeling is not sentiment but impulse; but real probity is essential to habits of humanity, and the heart, thus suitably affected with various and refined movements of delicacy and tenderness, must unavoidably mellow the temper. Such a character may accidentally deviate into social excess, but is incapable of deliberate criminality; constitutionally rash, but never intentionally wicked, he stumbles on a thousand improprieties, without once

being wilfully guilty. He feels the accessions of frailty as well as others, but never discovers the least badness of heart. His vices are the effect of surprize, not of habit, and proceed rather from sudden impulse, than deliberate inclination; in short, he has sentiment enough to awaken desires, but principle enough to temper and chastise them.

On the whole, the uncommon popularity of the *School for Scandal*, appears to me a necessary consequence of its immoral tendency. Whatever chimes in with the general spirit of dissipation, will always be acceptable to a people of profligate morals. Nor is there a more effectual method of recommending the most fashionable crimes, than by thus blending them with such qualities as are still amiable to the most dissolute.—In every age and nation, men are immoderately fond of whatever stamps an odium on such characters as are a tacit, but living satire on their own manners.

TEAZLE.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. ON THE LATE COALITION.

SO much has been said on the subject of a late coalition between certain great parliamentary leaders; its principle and probable effects have been so warmly canvassed, as well in parliament as throughout the nation, that I trust I shall not be deemed to obtrude unreasonably on the attention of the publick, in submitting a few observations to its consideration on an event so highly interesting. In attempting this, it shall be my principal endeavour to consider dispassionately what influence this measure is likely to have on the public welfare, and what will be its probable operation in respect of those great and important interests, which press themselves more immediately upon us. But before I enter on this part of my subject, I cannot avoid observing with what zeal it has been laboured to divert the public attention from every prospective view of the beneficial consequences of this union. Such persons, as have an interest in perpetuating animosities and divisions in their country, will naturally reprobate an alliance, whose object is, by restoring unanimity, to give us a government founded on a broad and comprehensive principle—a

government of strength, efficiency, and stability. But the glaring inconsistency of those, who are loudest in their censure of a coalition, will best explain their views and motives. With what face can men, who were pushed into power by the strength and credit of the Marquis of Rockingham, and his numerous friends—who, from their first introduction, secretly negotiated with the leaders of the *junta*—who treacherously undermined and supplanted those very friends who brought them into office—who completed this measure of unheard of ingratitude, by entering into the most intimate union of counsels and interests with men whose conduct and principles they had long reprobated—who formed a motley crew of an administration from the gleanings and outcasts of all parties.—How can such men presume to censure a coalition? Is it because the foundation of this coalition was not laid in hypocrisy and treachery, or because it commenced not in the abandonment of principle, or the desertion of friends, that they are inimical to it? As to Mr. D——s, whose delicacy was so much wounded at the first mention of a coalition, it would

would be a burlesque upon consistency to require any thing like it at his hands. Of late the language of the *learned lord* has been much softened. He has at last so far improved on the versatile venality of his countrymen, as to promise to lend his support even to an *honest administration*. Therefore, with him I have nothing to do. But how can the son of Lord Chatham, after degrading the name of Pitt by an alliance with such a man, venture to arraign any coalition? His classical friend Mr. H— should have qualified his clumsy compliment by adding the remainder of the line, by the awkward application of the first part of which he so cruelly embarrassed the young statesman:

Tu Marcellus eris, si qua fata aspera rumpas,

A judicious and candid friend would have said—"Abandon your present unnatural conjunction—fly from those men, who systematically deceived and betrayed your father—return to the friends of your family and first principles—retrieve, by a timely repentance, the unwary step you have taken. The unsuspecting confidence of youth will readily excuse you to your former connexions.—Fly from the contagion of your present associates, and when the errors and miscarriages of youth are forgotten, you may one day hope to stand high in the estimation of honest and independent men." Such would have been the language of wisdom and sincerity, a language widely different from the poisonous suggestions of sycophants and flatterers, who affect to discover the maturity of experience, where we can only expect to find the blossoms of youth.

But let us now leave the adversaries of the coalition to reconcile their laboured declamation against it with the consistency of their own conduct and proceed to examine the effects which this union is likely to have on the administration of our affairs. The first, the greatest, the most extensive and beneficial effect of the coalition is, that it has given a mortal wound to the detested system of *secret influence and private cabal*. Were the coalition attended with no other beneficial consequence, this alone would be sufficient to sanctify it with every true friend to the constitution. From the general

alarm which the coalition has excited among the adherents to that *system*, from the universal panic diffused through its partizans, it is evident that they look upon it as fatal to their hopes of present power and future aggrandizement.

From their steady attachment to the late ministry, it is also apparent that the Earl of Shelburne had devoted himself implicitly to the views of the *junto*. How can we otherwise account for the endless variety of artifice, delay, and chicane, which have been practiced to prolong his administration. Why is the blustering desperation of *one man*, and the abject cunning of another, so incessantly employed in his cause? But such is the temper of the times, that we are not to be hectoring by the *bully*, nor cajoled by the *jesuit*. The cry of the nation is for a government of openness and responsibility, administered by men of approved integrity, and of great parliamentary talents; a government of stability and systematic policy, not a wretched complication of trick, intrigue, and expedient. Will any man pretend to say, that such a government could be had without a coalition of parties? It is idle to assert, that where men differ on some constitutional points, they cannot co-operate with cordiality and effect to carry on the business of government. Wherever men have sense to think for themselves, and candour to avow their principles, among such men there will always, of necessity, be a great diversity of opinions. Where men make conscience the standard of principle, they must often differ; it is the infatuating malignancy of despotism, and an overruling influence, which can alone produce the appearance of political uniformity. Are we then to proscribe men of honesty and candour, because they avow their principles, and to place at the helm men who have the semblance of consistency, because they uniformly appear in the livery of selfishness and servility? However the heads of the coalition may differ on some constitutional questions, and those too I admit of considerable moment, I think I may boldly challenge its most determined foe to instance a single measure likely to become the object of public discussion, which will either be retarded or defeated by its operation. Is there any difference of opinion between Lord North

North and Mr. Fox, in respect of the necessity of bringing to some conclusion our various treaties with foreign powers, and the endeavouring to remedy the many defects and inconsistencies of our different negotiations? Do they differ as to the expediency of revising and new-modelling our entire system of commercial laws? Have they a second opinion as to the urgent necessity of restoring obedience and discipline in our fleets and armies, or of raising without delay the necessary supplies to pay off our superfluous force, and relieve an exhausted people from the intolerable and useless burthen of a war esta-

blishment? Are they not agreed as to the policy of removing the embarrassments, alleviating the distresses, and restoring the credit of the East-India Company? In short, when these railers against the coalition are brought down from their airy flights of declamation, to the plain ground of matter of fact and sober reasoning, they have nothing to alledge against either its principle or effects. But whatever interest certain men may have in promoting a run against the coalition, I think it demonstrable from what has been said, that the public with respecting it should be, *Eslo perpetua.*

A. SIDNEY.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS OF THE KING OF ANIMALS.

TO account for his origin, philosophers, who seldom agree about any thing, have formed many different and contradictory theories. The most authentic information assures us, that, notwithstanding the present number of the species, the whole are the genuine offspring of one and the same father. And this fact receives additional confirmation from every new discovery of the subject.

His infancy is almost a state of pure vegetation. His organs of sensation, and powers of action, are then so ductile and soft to the touch, that they easily receive, and generally retain, whatever form you please. For all the parts of his body are yet in a state of such imbecility and imperfection, that his exertions of them hardly deserve the name of motion.

He is born totally naked. His legs are not unlike the hinder ones of a quadrupede; and he is endowed with hands of a singular make, but infinitely superior to those of the *ouran outang*. This, indeed, is the animal he most resembles; and a satyrish would be difficulted to say, whether he be the brute in perfection, or the brute his nature and manners in caricature. Few conjurers, however, have ventured to adorn his rump with a tail.

On his first appearance he is certainly the most helpless, but in a state of maturity the most independent of creatures. His youth is commonly spent in following the impulse of his nature. It is

then his various powers improve in proportion as exerted. With him, perfection is constantly present in idea, however remote in reality.

The texture and form of his body are curious and masterly. His mien is comely and striking; his stature erect, and his whole appearance stately and respectable. He treads with a firm step: his movements are regular and graceful; and his voice is that of majesty, mixed with mildness. His looks are full of sweetness and affability, and his smiles the natural emblems of innocence and benignity.

His physiognomy is a sort of dial-plate to his temper: for nature deals not in hiding. He owes all his disguise to art, which, however darkened by the blackest and deepest designs, is often thin enough to be seen through. Then his thoughts and intentions are as certainly known by the tone of his voice, the glance of his eye, or the cast of his features, as from the effects they produce, or actions they occasion. Thus a natural expression of countenance is one of the most conspicuous and distinguishing traits of his exterior frame.

He is not, like other animals, destined to any particular district of the globe, but is fitted alike to exist in all. His primary and most powerful propensity is to surmount the difficulties of his situation, and to accommodate the circumstances around him to necessity and taste. He can breathe in every atmosphere, cultivate every soil, subdue every

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element, and equally sustain the temperature of every climate; but in the frigid and torrid zones, labours under the greatest debility both of body and mind.

It seems wisely ordered, that half of the species die while yet very young. Their predaceous qualities are such, that they might otherwise exterminate the inferior tribes, who, perhaps, may be of as much use in the general system as they are. In this particular the operations of nature abate nothing of their wonted regularity. For the births are every where in a near proportion to the deaths.

But the most singular and striking of all his charactericks is, that he stays as short time in the hands of nature as possible. He seems originally possessed of her own independence. For the moment he acquires the use of his faculties, he abandons her dictates, and obeys implicitly the instigations of refinement. He then figures to himself what he wishes and hopes, and struggles to be. This is the captivating object which first strikes his heart, which henceforth keeps his emulation on the stretch, and which is the great source of all his exertions, and all his improvement.

It is truly wonderful how nature has qualified him for the various purposes of invention and execution. His talents of designing are inexhaustible. He unites the past, the present, and the future, in his interest; can muse with attention on the facts and circumstances with which he is connected; and, by the force of imagination, similitude, analogy, and contrast, produce objects that never existed, which, however, operate on his mind, and affect his manners with all the energy of truth.

Thus he is endowed with sensation, recollection, retention, and the singular capacity of feigning or creating, either for amusement, or utility, a thousand things that take place only in idea. Here the line of mere animal life ends, and that of the intellectual begins, where the *brute* ceases at the commencement of the *man*. This places him above every other inhabitant of the terraqueous globe, invests him with a just and natural superiority, and puts in his hand the implements of power.

Many of his fellow-creatures exceed him in strength, in agility, and instinct;

but none of them can tame the rest, or render them subservient to their purposes, as he does. To his vigilance all impediments give way, and his dexterity and address serve him instead of a thousand operative qualities. Heat and cold, fire and water, light and shade, and all the elements and extremities of things, are reconciled by his industry, and subject to his inclination.

He is the only mortal being who regards nothing with indifference, and who cannot divest himself entirely of a consciousness of his own identity and actions. The whole system of the universe is in a manner present to his mind; and he examines with sagacity and success, whatever comes within the cognizance of his senses. The stars of the firmament, the tides of the sea, the bowels of the earth, the winds of heaven, the revolutions of the seasons, and the vicissitudes of the weather, are thus, by the various arts of observation, foresight, and contrivance, successfully appropriated to his convenience and comfort.

In possession of such powers and resources, his enmity is dreadful, and his friendship of consequence to all other animals. And the necessities of his situation are so urgent, and the propensities of his nature are so powerful, that he cannot but regard them severally with one or other of these sentiments.

He is made capable of subsisting equally by hunting, by fishing, or cultivating the ground. He is guided as much by taste in the manner of feeding, as in the choice of his food; and seldom, like his brother animals, devours it in its natural state. His actions, indeed, are all on a scale. Nature intended him to be the "*architect of his own fortune*;" and his predominant passion is, every where, to better his condition. He improves the vegetables, and dresses the meat he wishes to eat; rectifies and refines the liquid he wishes to drink; manufactures the clothes he wishes to wear; and equally furnishes himself with instruments for the dispatch of business, and arms for protecting his person and catching his prey.

He deviates so invariably and methodically from nature, and is so totally artificial in every thing, that he is, without exception, the most extraordinary phenomenon in the whole compass of

of organized existence. He sometimes, though rarely, discovers all the merit and worth conceivable in his nature. His manners are simple and undisguised; his temper kind and condescending; his sentiments of others liberal and benevolent; and all his actions adorned with clemency and candour. He is, then, the visible image of the invisible DIVINITY, and the amiable reverse of all that is savage and unrelenting in nature. His dispositions are as harmless as those of a *dove*; his manners as gentle as those of a *faun*; and his life as innocent as that of a *lamb*. Nor is the *lion* more noble, the *elephant* more sagacious, the *horse* more manageable, or the *dog* more trusty.

Why will not truth bend to the feelings of the historian, and prevent the pangs of sensibility, inseparable from the detail of facts so repugnant to nature, and disgraceful to humanity! This, alas! is but a partial picture of MAN!—View him absorbed in selfishness, the dupe of passion, or a victim to appetite. Do not the merest trifles often fire his imagination, poison his affections, rankle his heart, pervert his intentions, and petrify his temper? He is timid without modesty, inconstant without pleasure, and flagitious without spirit. His antipathies spring from pride, his malignity is unrelenting, and all his resentments are implacable. The airs he assumes are a burlesque on dignity; the pretensions he claims, a refinement on hypocrisy; and the attachments he forms, a shocking prostitution of the heart. Woe unto the objects of his hatred! He is never less disposed to mercy, than when mercy is most in his power. Not all the emphasis of pity can once incline him to spare. Misfortune heaves not his bosom with a sigh, or moistens his eye with a tear. The wretch who has once incensed, has no safety but in the impotence of the will that would destroy. He gives all his black and treacherous soul to revenge; and then, like another monster glutted with prey, exults in the ruin he has wrought. Thus he unites, in his character, the cunning of the *fox*, and the sawing of the *spaniel*, with the fierceness of the *wolf*, and the deceit of the *crocodile*; the guile of a *serpent*, and the fleetness of a *jackall*, with the fury of a *bear*, and the cruelty of a *tiger*, the tricks of a *jackdaw*, and the

solemnity of an *owl*, with the gait of a *goose*, the gesture of an *ape*, and the dullness of an *ass*.

Thus while he continues to support the dignity, and obey the legitimate dictates of his own mind, he seems the model or minute representation of all that is amiable or excellent in existence. It would then appear as if he were composed of none but the most refined materials, and that his system necessarily excluded every grosser ingredient. But the moment he forgets himself, and relinquishes this delicate post of distinction, the most awful degradation takes place. The love of goodness cheers not his heart, unbroken health flows not in his veins, and his countenance retains not the blush of innocence. He literally becomes more *brutish than the beasts that perish*, and his whole nature is a hideous complication of whatever is most abject and detestable. So that, acting up to the powers he possesses places him at the head of the visible creation, while an infamous prostitution of them renders him at once the most abject and worthless wretch in being.

Though an animal of prey, and capable of the most desperate depredations, he can live either alone or in society; but his affections are chiefly associating and political. Indeed, the species subsist no where but in groups, regulated by some general rules, settling gradually into habits of society, and rising imperceptibly in the arts of industry and elegance. But whether single, or combined, there is no limits to their acquisitions. Hence the interference of interest and passion, the general competition for power, the universal itch for distinction, the grasping at wealth and independence, the unavoidable refinements of taste, and all the appendages of luxury.

Perhaps the mutual attachment of the sexes is not the least amusing part of his story. The kind, in all well-regulated societies, is continued by means of political institutions. Here polygamy is prohibited on many of the most solid and sacred reasons. Were it otherwise, the foulest enormities might be expected. Apart from more solemn considerations, the natural sympathies of the paternal heart are singly decisive on the subject. Such is the whimsical humour of these unaccountable creatures, that they must even be forced into a predicament for which

which nature designed them, and which is the height and completion of all their animal desires. Nor do they often dislike in earnest, till they find themselves in each other's arms; for hatred is sometimes the offspring of love. In how many ways is wretched man thus cheated of the fruition he expects! as if the moment he possessed a blessing it were his fate to exchange it for a curse! There are, however, who mingle their interests and hearts from purer motives, and have yet the good fortune to be singularly happy where so many are so singularly miserable.

In every department and position in which he can be supposed, ambition is the master-spring of his system, and the controuling disposition of his heart. To some distant object all his wishes and actions are uniformly directed. His mind aspires as naturally as his lungs play, his blood circulates, or his pulse beats. Every excellence that exalts, every grace that adorns, every deformity that degrades him, originates here. This fills him with ideas of his own importance, and prompts him to exertions of self-defence. So that he is not to be insulted or injured with impunity. Nor is he furnished with so many irascible and indignant resentments in vain. He occupies a station obnoxious to the most hostile and frequent depredations, and is under the necessity of acting on the defensive, and making reprisals by turns.

There is not a doubt, that Beings of a superior order regard him as the greatest novelty and miracle of all that is new and wonderful in earth or heaven. To them it must be a spectacle equally astonishing and ludicrous, to behold a little, pert, two-legged insect, not yet emerged from its aurelia state, or near so stout and alert as many of its kindred tribes, thus, by infinite address and perpetual intrigue, slyly acquiring the sovereignty of the world.

In a savage state, his passions are strong and ardent, his appetites insatiable, and his reason, or intellect, absorbed in lethargy, ignorance, or only discovering now and then the faint emanations of a barbarous sagacity. Under the absolute dominion of mere animal propensity he satisfies every desire, and follows every instigation without timidity, and without restraint. Yet in the remotest solitudes, where the voice of law

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is not heard, and the sanctions of authority are unknown, he attaches himself to his female with the fidelity of the *dove*, and provides for his offspring with the industry of the *bee*.

In society, where the frequent collisions that happen, from a thousand opposite interests and inclinations, extract all the fire and virulence of his composition, his oddities are still more apparent and fantastical: for every distinct combination of the species is marked with features of peculiar deformity. Their improvement apart is as impracticable as their ruin together seems inevitable. Flagitious example is always most prominent, and MAN is the child of art and imitation. His passions are created by those of others: fashion modulates his taste; and having once imbibed the maxims of folly, he has seldom resolution enough to renounce them. Every sound he hears, and every sight he beholds, whet his curiosity, influence his hope, or alarm his fears. And from the cradle to the grave, he is constant in nothing so much as the pursuit of novelty, and a disposition to change.

Indeed he is hardly of the same mind two moments together. The materials of his body are not more in a state of transmutation, than the ideas which occupy his understanding. The truth is, he acts from principles as contradictory as the elements that compose his body, and exhibits, on the whole, a very strange mixture of meanness and merit. He knows not the first laws of his own system, and yet affects to comprehend those of the universe. Though unable to dissect one blade of grass, he would measure the orbs of heaven; and even, while allied to the *caterpillar*, boasts an affinity with angels. The bodies around him do not more sensibly gravitate to the centre of the earth, than his thoughts and desires soar above the clouds. Yet these are totally engrossed by things inadequate to his wishes, unsubstantial as his dreams, and perishable as his frame. His life is pestilous and precarious, chequered with the strangest vicissitude of pleasure and pain, and every where at the mercy of the capricious elements. But insignificant as it is, and though sure of a better, he adheres to it with a foolish but inflexible preference. Nay, the last pang that tears him from misery he foresees from

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the first moment he breathes, and steadily regards with unconquerable antipathy and aversion.

Amidst the vast combinations of passions, sentiments, attachments, and aversions, which his connexion and competition with others must occasion, he would be wretched indeed without a conscience. His benevolent maker, however, has not left his frame so imperfect, or his life so destitute, but stamped on every feeling of his heart the love of virtue, and the hatred of vice. This puts him right when wrong, decides on the tenour of his conduct, and the temper of his mind, and soothes or startles him, by all that is delightful or dreadful in futurity. Hence he instinctively takes part with the injured and oppressed; never sees a generous deed without wishing to have done it, or a bad one without emotions of dislike; uniformly sympathises with the sufferer, unless where some other passion interferes; and retains to the last, in spite of imperfection and debility, a love of goodness, and a detestation of evil.

MAN, then, is composed of two distinct and independent principles; the one subject, the other superior, to the laws of mortality. Whatever belongs to the body, with the body dies; and death is as natural in the animal, as harvest in the vegetable world. It is the visible and inevitable fate of all sublunary things, to exchange one modification of being for another. Nor can he, more than any of the creatures beneath him, plead an exemption from the general institutions of the universe.

But, in consequence of an event so important in the history of human nature, what becomes of those faculties

which have no analogy to the known properties of matter? Are reflection and sensation destined to flourish and decline, to live and die together? May not his mental survive his corporeal functions? Can that living and life-giving principle, which acts so much independent of his senses, by the shock of dissolution become, in one moment, just as inactive and extinct as they do? Does that sacred and sublime lamp of light, which discovers both worlds to each other, and which promised an immortal lustre, thus suddenly expire for ever? Are those fires which mingled with the radiance of Heaven, and which seemed to glow with a flame as lasting and as noble, like the temporary blaze of a meteor, or subject to the fate of a glow worm? How, then, got he acquainted with scenes that have no reality, to pant for a bliss beyond the reach of existence? Is not that BEING, who inspired him with the hopes of immortality, who interwove the desires of it with the first and tenderest solitudes of his heart, able and disposed to confer it? Yes: every supposition to the contrary is just as shocking as it is impious. For if, only made like the worms and reptiles beneath his feet, to live this moment and die the next, to struggle in a wretched life with every internal and external calamity that can assault his body or infect his mind, to bear the mortifications of malignity, and the unmerited abhorrence of those who owe him the tenderest esteem, and then sink in everlasting oblivion, his fate would stand on record, in the annals of the universe, an eternal exception to all that can be called GOOD.

[*Beauties of Natural History.*]

AN AMOROUS ANECDOTE OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

WHEN Lord Rochester was restored again to the favour of King Charles II. he continued the same extravagant pursuits of pleasure, and would even use freedoms with that prince, whom he had before so much offended; for his satire knew no bounds, his invention was lively, and his execution sharp. He is supposed to have contrived, with one of Charles's mistresses, the following stratagem, to cure that monarch of the nocturnal rambles to which he addicted himself.

He agreed to go out one night with him to visit a celebrated house of intrigue, where he told his Majesty the finest women in England were to be found. The king made no scruple to assume his usual disguise, and accompany him; and while he was engaged with one of the ladies of pleasure, being before instructed by Rochester how to behave, she picked his pocket of all his money and his watch, which the King did not immediately miss. Neither the people of the house, nor the girl herself, was

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made acquainted with the quality of their visitor, nor had the least suspicion who he was. When the intrigue was ended, the king enquired for Rochester, but was told he had quitted the house without taking leave: but into what embarrassment was he thrown, when upon searching his pockets, in order to discharge the reckoning, he found his money gone! he was then reduced to ask the favour of the jezebel to give him credit till the next day, as the gentleman who came in with him had not returned, who was to have paid for both. The consequence of this request was, he was abused and laughed at, and the old woman told him, that she had often been served such dirty tricks, and would not permit him to stir till the reckoning was paid; and then called one of her bullies to take care of him. In this ridiculous distress stood the British monarch—the prisoner of a bawd; and the life upon whom the nation's hopes were fixed put in the power of a ruffian. After many altercations, the king at last proposed, that she should accept a ring, which he then took off his finger, in pledge for her money; which she likewise refused, and told him, that as she was no judge of the value of the ring, she did not choose to accept such pledges. The king then desired that a jeweller might be called to give his opinion of the value of it; but he was answered, that the expedient was impracticable, as no jeweller could then be supposed to be out of bed: after much intreaty, his Majesty at last prevailed upon the fellow to knock up a jeweller and show him the ring, which as soon as he inspected, he stood amazed, and enquired, with eyes fixed upon the fellow, who he had got in his house. To which he answered, “A black? looking ugly son of a w——, who had no money in his pocket, and was obliged to pawn his ring.”—“The ring (says the jeweller) is so immensely rich, that but one man in the nation could afford to wear it; and that one is the King.” The jeweller, being astonished at this accident, went out with the bully, in order to be fully satisfied of so extraordinary an affair; and as soon as he entered the room, he fell on his knees, and, with the utmost respect, presented the ring to his Majesty. The old jezebel, and bully, finding the extraordinary quality of their guest, were

now confounded, and asked pardon most submissively on their knees. The King, in the best natured manner, forgave them; and, laughing, asked them whether the ring would not bear another bottle.

Thus ended this adventure, in which the King learned how dangerous it was to risque his person in night frolics, and could not but severely reprove Rochester for acting such a part towards him; however, he sincerely resolved, never again to be guilty of the like indiscretion.

HISTORICUS.

BRUTALITY, *An Anecdote.*

THE native bluntness and honesty of the English character is almost proverbial in every part of Europe; and few of our countrymen have been eminent in any science or profession, who did not possess this singular cast in a conspicuous degree. Temple, Swift, Newton, and Locke, were all as remarkable for simplicity of manners as greatness of parts. A certain lawyer, at present very high in his profession, is not inferior in either of these particulars to the illustrious names abovementioned. This extraordinary character, however, seems in most cases so inexorably attached to forms and prescriptions of all sorts, as on some occasions to overlook the prior obligations of humanity, for the inviolable preservation of which every institution of society took place. Many recent decisions in a certain great court of equity, as well as the uniform conduct of one of the first officers of state in a legislative senatorial capacity, afford the most substantial proofs of this assertion. But the writer of this article witnessed in a neighbouring kingdom several years ago a fact still more decisive than either. A serjeant in one of the old regiments, of the same name with this rough lord, had in one of the county towns been convicted of a petty burglary, which is made capital there as well as here. In Scotland the time allotted by law for the criminal to repent and prepare himself for death, except in the case of murder, between passing the sentence and putting it in execution, is forty days. This poor man's case was in general deemed very hard; and as he had mentioned who his relations were, he was advised by some

some well-meaning, humane persons to see or try whether his friend and name's sake the lawyer would not interest himself to save him. For this purpose a letter was drawn up, stating the case in as favourable a light for the poor fellow as possible, who by his docility and penitence had gained the hearty esteem of all his pious visitors. To this very important and pressing letter no answer was returned, till about five minutes after the devoted wretch had been ordered for execution. He was a stout, healthy, athletic young man, in whom the natural love of life was equally strong. The letter was directed to himself in prison, and the shock the reception of it gave him beggars all description. Hope and fear struggled for some moments so equally, that he was quite insensible. The writer disclaimed any knowledge of him as a relation, and

concluded in this very savage manner: — *But as it is probable there may be still rascals of your description in our family as well as in others, it is our interest and honour to have them all hanged as soon as possible.*

Anecdote of British bravery.

AT the famous battle of Malplaquet, when a body of British cavalry, which had signalized itself that day, was marching down a lane, the first rank saw a poor woman's horse with a pair of panniers on his back, galloping from his rider whom he had thrown. This rank thinking it was part of the enemy's cavalry that was advancing, instantly wheeling about, panic struck; the other ranks seeing their first rank face about, immediately did the same; and the whole corps was thus put to the rout.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. ON CALCAREOUS CEMENT.

THE ingenious Dr. Higgins in his treatise on this subject, which is the result of many experiments, observes, that the strength and duration of all buildings depend chiefly on the goodness of the cement, particularly in a country where the weather is so variable and trying, and the mortar commonly used so bad; he has therefore investigated the principles on which the induration and strength of calcareous cements depend, as a means to recover or excel the Roman cements which in aqueducts and the most exposed structures have withstood every trial of 1500 or 2000 years.

Calcareous stones which burn to lime, contain a considerable quantity of elastic fluid called fixable air, and which indeed forms a great part of the weight of those stones, and the difference between lime stone or chalk and lime, consists chiefly in the retention or expulsion of this matter.

The excellence of the doctor's cement, depends on the figure, size, and purity of the sand, on the goodness of the lime, the choice of lime stone, in the perfect burning, and in the preservation of it from the air, in his method of slacking, and in the separation of heterogeneous parts, also on use of strong and pure lime water in the place of common water, on the due proportions of sand,

water, and lime, the manner of mixing them, the knowledge of ingredients, and circumstances which are injurious and useful, the use of bone ashes of determinate size, all which particulars are very minutely set forth in the specification in consequence of the letters patent that have been granted.

This excellent cement, whether used as mortar or as stucco, and which is cheap, elegant, and durable, is particularly applicable for preserving and decorating houses, churches, colleges, halls, and other publick and private edifices, or in military works, artificial stone, &c. it may be executed either in plain or ornamental works, and is equally a saving whether applied to new or old structures.

Mr. Leroux, Architect, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, is appointed by the Patentee to cause any works to be executed therewith.

It gives a building the appearance of stone, is executed at an expense considerably below any attempt of the kind, and surely far superior to the pointing made use of by bricklayers in the reparation of old buildings.

The difference of executing it in London or in any remote part of England, consists only in the travelling charges of two or three workmen.

FOR

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.
THE SCOTCH MODE OF VOTING IN GENERAL ELECTIONS.

WHEN a person, a peer for instance, who is possessed of a large estate holding of the crown, intends to create votes upon his estate, he separates the property from the superiority, by granting to *A*, in whom he can confide, a feu-right of certain lands valued in the cess books at 400*l*. Scots; then he executes in favour of *B* a life-rent disposition of the same lands, directly conveying the property to be held of the crown, *with the exception of the feu-right*, antecedently granted to *A*, who then reconveys the feu-right to the disponent; so that he becomes re-instated in every substantial interest in the lands which he formerly had; and *B* has nothing more than a life-rent of a bare superiority, yielding nothing but the trouble of voting at an election for a member parliament. By this strange sort of management, votes are multiplied in proportion to the extent of a person's valuation in a county. The same mode is followed by a person, whether peer or commoner, who has only in himself the bare right of superiority. He disposes to a trusty person a life-rent-right to the lands in his charter from the crown, with the exception of former alienations of the property. In both cases, the disponent apparently gives away the property of the lands, completely and irredeemably, during the life of the disponent or receiver of the right: but with the same breath that he constitutes the right, he undoes it; for he specifies the exception of the feu-right granted to a certain person: so that nothing remains that can be called the property of this spectre of a freeholder, but the parchment, by means of which this hocus-potus trick, this disgraceful juggle, is executed. Can there be a greater insult offered to the understandings of men?

It is therefore matter of wonder and astonishment, how any person of common understanding, upon such an empty, unsubstantial, fruitless conveyance, can raise up his hand to heaven, and call God to witness that the lands and estate, for which he claims a right to vote, are actually in his possession, and do really and truly belong to him; and

that the estate in his grant is his own proper estate, and is not conveyed in behalf of any other person whatsoever; yet many good, honest, and conscientious men have taken the oath of *trust and possession*, as it is called; reconciling the oath to their consciences by distinctions invented by lawyers, whose profession often leads them to pervert plain principles, to puzzle the understanding, and confound the judgment, in matters of disquisition and controversy. Lawyers argued, that the right of superiority was the only estate the law acknowledged to constitute a qualification; that unless the right of superiority appeared to be in the claimant, the property of the lands and estate could bestow no title to be admitted upon the roll of freeholders; consequently the oath could respect the superiority only. This mode of reasoning is clearly fallacious. It was the object of the two acts of parliament, introducing the oaths above recited, to prevent fictitious qualifications, such as might be constituted by conveyances of lands in trust, or redeemable for elusory sums of money, or in any other nominal or fictitious mode, by which persons of no real property or substantial interest within a county could assume a privilege of classing themselves with real and substantial freeholders, who had from the earliest times the radical right of attending parliament in person, and afterwards of sending persons of eminent reputation and respect in the county to represent them in Parliament.

It is sufficient that the acts introducing these oaths were passed for the purpose of preventing any infringement upon the principles of the constitution; consequently, of preventing any person from having a voice in the election of a member of parliament, or of being elected, excepting such as had a substantial freehold qualification within the district, and among the people to be represented.

The supreme civil court never showed a disposition to give the effect of real qualifications to these nominal ones; but, in point of legal interpretation, the court found itself tied down to sustain

stain them as legal qualifications to such claimants or voters as had taken the oath appointed by law. But the sense of the court is manifest. They found, that a disposition of lands, containing an assignation to a crown-charter, but reserving the property to the granter of the disposition, did not confer a title of enrolment*. Yet, if, the bare right of superiority was sufficient to constitute a freehold qualification in terms of law, why put people to the necessity of that circuitous mode of conveyances and reconveyances observed in the present mode of constituting these nominal qualifications?

It will be remarked, upon reading the last oath, that the legislature seemed to be aware of the mode of interpretation now adopted by those nominal freeholders who have taken the oath of trust and possession: for, not satisfied with obliging the claimant to swear that the estate for which he claimed a vote was in his possession, and did truly belong to him, he is further obliged to swear, that his title to the said lands and estate is not *nominal or fictitious, created or reserved* in him, in order to vote for a member to serve in parliament. How is the conscience of the claimant to be reconciled to this part of the oath, by an argument, that the right of superiority only was regarded? This right being in the claimant, agreeable to his title-deeds, it is in his power, he may say, to swear that his title is not nominal or fictitious. But a difficulty still remains to be got over: Is this title neither created nor reserved for the purpose of voting at an election for a member of parliament? Two solutions have been given to this difficulty: first, That

the title is not a nominal and fictitious one created or reserved, but is a true and real title created or reserved, &c. and secondly, That if any other interpretation is given to these words, no mere superior could vote, although he should have purchased a right of superiority to himself and his heirs for ever: that this interpretation would be contrary to the law and ancient usage of Scotland, the constitution never having acknowledged the right of any person to sit in parliament, who did not hold directly of the crown.

It will be difficult to state any proposition, however plain and simple, directed to the reason and opinions of men, which is absolutely beyond the reach of cavil and dispute. It is, however, matter of deep concern, and a dangerous experiment for a man to suffer himself to tamper with his conscience, or to permit himself to be carried away by strained, equivocal, nay, indeed sophistical interpretations of an oath, whose terms are level with the understanding of every man endued with any moderate share of common sense; an oath, obviously consisting of plain facts, the truth of which cannot remain a matter of doubt with the person required to take it. An oath ought to be taken in its plain and most unambiguous sense; no unnatural, no forced, no ingenious construction ought to be admitted, and there is no doubt that this oath has been taken by many good men merely through the influence of example, and as an oath permitted by law, and effectual in a certain predicament, without considering its real import, or being able to state the proposed solutions of the difficulties attending it.

* 1759, *Elliot contra Shaw and Oliver.*

THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from our last Magazine, page 137.)

WHEN the House met [January 21st] for the first time after the adjournment, few matters of a private and personal nature were discussed, before business of more public and extensive consequence was brought forward. *Mr. Lewin*, the East India defaulter surrendered himself, and was taken into the custody of the Serjeant at Arms. *Mr. Patric* presented a petition, setting forth

his claims to a seat in the House for Cricklade: complaining of the oppression suffered from the bribery of the members [*Mr. Paul Benfield*, and *Mr. John M'Pherson*] and the perjury of their adherents; and soliciting relief from his present confinement. *Mr. Whitehill*, another delinquent of the East-India fraternity, threw himself on the mercy of the House, and by a pitiful

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tale of misery attempted to excite the compassion of the members.—The applications of these humble petitioners had some effect: for their complaints were to be considered; but how far they will be redressed to the satisfaction of the complainants, is left to some future day.

Mr. Secretary Townshend at length rose to move for a bill that was intended to remove all jealousies from the people of Ireland, and establish a lasting basis of concord between the two countries. A decision of a judicial nature in the Court of King's Bench, by Lord Mansfield, had excited some alarm. It was supposed to interfere with the rights of Ireland, whose courts were competent to the judgment, and ought to have decided it, by virtue of their own authority as by law established. The present motion was designed to give Ireland the most perfect satisfaction, by a full and unequivocal acknowledgement of its jurisdiction in all legal and criminal cases whatsoever. To this end the Secretary moved for leave to bring in a bill for removing and preventing all doubts that have arisen, or may arise concerning the exclusive right of the parliament and courts of Ireland, in matters of judicature, and for preventing any writ of error or appeal from any of his Majesty's courts in that kingdom from being received, heard, and adjudged in any of his Majesty's courts in the kingdom of Great Britain.

Mr. William Grenville, the brother and secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, seconded the motion. He was glad to find the business taken up by the ministry. It would go to the very root of the grievance, and be the very means of conciliating the confidence and affection of the people of Ireland: and he doubted not but it would meet with a very grateful return.

Mr. Eden, thought the jealousies of the people of Ireland totally groundless; or the representations of them highly exaggerated. The repeal of the act most obnoxious to them, was in itself sufficient to remove all cause of complaint; and the address of the Irish parliament in consequence of it, proved that they were satisfied with it. A few members indeed, especially *Mr. Flood* and the Recorder of Dublin, had harrangued with all their eloquence on its imperfection. Hence possibly might have arisen the dissatisfaction complain-

ed of. But it ought not to have arisen. He wished as much as any man to establish a reciprocal bond of union between the two countries, and hoped it would never be broken by precipitate zeal or interested faction. To express any fear of the people of Ireland would, he thought, shew a pusillanimous spirit, and at the same time would discover an unworthy sentiment of the principles of their attachment to Great-Britain. Ireland should not be considered as having taken an ungenerous advantage of our embarrassed situation. He was certain she did not wish to profit by our humiliation; for she must be convinced that our interests are mutual, and that we must share alike in each other's glory or disgrace.

His private opinion, however, was, that a controlling power over all the dependencies of the British empire (and Ireland is a part of that empire) should reside in the English parliament. He also thought that an appellant jurisdiction in the English courts of justice was beneficial to Ireland. Yet he was still further of opinion, that the alteration of Poyning's law might create confusion between the two countries, because the two parliaments being independent of each other may pass laws totally adverse to each other. Yet these being only his private speculations, he gave them up to the more general sentiments of the public, and acquiesced in the decisions of the House. He wished the parliament of both countries would act in concert. This only could promote the interest of commerce, and would be the basis of a growing and lasting confidence.

Colonel Fitzpatrick did not oppose the motion before the House; but he thought it needless. He was persuaded that the jealousies complained of were imaginary: or if they did exist, their influence was confined to a few. He knew there were some restless spirits, who from disappointment or pride, or from principles equally unworthy, would excite disturbances in the most equitable and peaceful state. It is impossible to gratify the wishes of all men: and those who are dissatisfied themselves attempt to make others so: and would represent their private mortifications as general grievances.—An appeal by writ of error to the courts in England is as old as the constitution of Ireland, and

was no infringement on its rights. He expressed a confidence in the people of that country, and was sure that England had given them all the satisfaction that their warmest patriots could either expect or desire.

Lord Beauchamp differed from the colonel as to the existence of jealousies; and not only so, but he differed from him likewise as to the ground of those jealousies. He thought any jurisdiction over Ireland from the parliament or the courts of England to be a grievance which ought entirely to be removed. If there lies an appeal, by writ of error, to the King's Bench in England, would there not lie a farther appeal to the Lords in case the appellant should remain unsatisfied with the decision of the court? The whole ground of complaint ought at once to be removed, and he was happy to be anticipated by the ministry in this salutary measure. We should unequivocally renounce all jurisdiction and have no reserves lurking behind the letter of a partial and ambiguous repeal which may awaken suspicions, or be brought forward at some future day to vacate all that had been already done in behalf of Ireland by renewing the old dormant claims of England. Those claims should not sleep: they should perish.

Colonel Fitzpatrick again declared, that he had no objection to any bill that tended to give Ireland the most ample satisfaction; but he thought *Lord Beauchamp* spoke of the reasonableness of the complaints of Ireland, with a very ill grace: for in his letter to the Belfast volunteers, he had declared, that "if the people acquiesced in what had been done, his lips would be for ever closed on the subject." The people were content; but still *Lord Beauchamp* would speak!

The colonel was informed by *Mr. Grenville* that the motion before the House was designed to prevent future complaints and remove doubts that might arise through misconstruction. It would be right to settle matters on such obvious and decisive grounds as would not even afford the slightest room for mistake or misapplication.

Mr. Fox was of opinion that the repeal of the act of the 6th of Geo. I. was of itself sufficient to remove the jealousies of the people of Ireland, and was a sacrifice on our side sufficiently

ample. Ministers should know the exact bounds of duty and policy: and when they arrived there, should stop. He would not oppose the bill which the Secretary moved for. He, however, thought it needless, though harmless. Its merit was wholly negative; for all its good purposes had been secured before.

Mr. Chancellor Pitt was convinced of the propriety of the motion. He knew from authority not to be questioned that doubts had arisen and serious complaints had gone abroad in consequence of the appeal to the courts of England, and the determination of *Lord Mansfield*. He wished, therefore, to make the ground of unanimity between the two countries as large and firm as possible: to guard against misconstruction and prevent all jealousies for the future. He called this conduct on the part of England manly, liberal, and magnanimous.

The motion being put by the Speaker, it passed without one dissenting voice.

Matters of no interesting public nature were brought before the House on the 23d and 24th of January. *Mr. Petrie's* petition was rejected as unprecedented: and he was adjudged by the committee not to be entitled to the privilege of the House. The same day the Secretary of State gave notice of the signing of the preliminaries of the peace and of his intention of submitting them to the judgement of parliament as soon as possible. This was done on the 27th, and when the papers had been all read, *Mr. Townsend* moved that they might lie on the table for the inspection of the members. *Lord Newhaven* thought they should not be confined to the inspection of the House, but ought to be printed for the publick eye. He made a motion for this purpose; but *Mr. Secretary* opposed it on the ground of delicacy to foreign courts. This piece of complaisance was ridiculed by *Governor Johnstone*, and while the other members were debating on the propriety and impropriety of *Lord Newhaven's* motion, *Mr. Wilkes* diverted the House by observing that he could cut the matter very short and save abundance of reasoning and eloquence on the subject by informing them, that the Lords had already ordered the articles to be printed from the copies that had been laid before them.

In the course of the debate this day, *Mr. Eden* expressed his apprehensions with respect to the fate of the American Loyalists from the little care that had been taken to secure their persons and properties by the fifth article of the provisional treaty. He was interrupted in his career of expostulation and exclamation by *Mr. Dempster*, who reminded him that the motion before the House was not, whether the treaty be a good or bad one (that was a matter would be discussed hereafter) but whether the articles of it ought to be printed.

From the unwillingness of the ministers to have them printed, some inferences not very favourable to ministerial policy and integrity, were drawn by more than one member of the House. *The Chancellor of the Exchequer* was hurt at insinuations of this sort, and presumed that the great names that adorned administration would be a pledge to the public for wisdom and for uprightness of conduct, and secure it from insinuations and reflections that tended to affect its credit and raise jealousies in the minds of the people. *Mr. Fox* thought there was some ground for suspicion, besides the objections which ministers had to the motion before the House. It was known, he said, that two members of administration (*Duke of Richmond* and *Lord Keppel*) of high rank and character, had disapproved of the terms and peace now before the House. Their disapprobation was at least a presumptive proof of their not being so very politic and just as some persons would have the world believe. Their disapprobation created warrantable suspicion.

On the 28th *Mr. D. Hartley* gave notice of his intention of moving the next day for a repeal of the act of 1776, which restrained the trade of America. *Mr. Burke* acquiesced with him in the necessity of such repeal; and threw out some severe reflections on the ministers for having digested a code of laws relative to trade which should at once be ready to operate on the conclusion of the treaty of peace. *The Chancellor of the Exchequer* begged him to suspend his censures for the present. Ministers had been unwearied in their attention to this object; but it was so large and so complicated that it could not be effected of a sudden; and was so con-

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nectcd with the peace, that before the terms of *that* were settled it could not be brought to such a degree of perfection as to be worthy of the inspection of the House. *Mr. Burke* felt the force of *Mr. Pitt's* observations and relaxed his censures. He did not, he said, condemn, he only brought a charge to give ministers an opportunity of defence. *Mr. Eden* warned them, however, not to be precipitate in this matter. The revolution of America had created a necessity of a revolution in our commercial system, and in the laws of inheritance and naturalization. A new code of trade-laws adapted to so great a change in the empire would require time and deliberation; and he thought Ireland ought to go hand in hand with us in all commercial regulations with America.

On the 29th, *Mr. Vyner* brought forward a report of a mutiny at Portsmouth among the Athol Highlanders, who insisted on a discharge in consequence of the peace; alledging that they enlisted only on condition of serving three years or the termination of the rebellion in America. On the 31st this matter was again brought forward by *Lord Maitland*, and producing a paper signed by *Lord Barrington* when secretary at war (Dec. 16, 1775) by which it appeared that there was not a single man in the regiment but had a right to insist on his discharge at the end of the American war. This was his construction of the paper from the War-Office, and he wondered not that it should be so understood by the Highlanders. He would, however, submit it to the determination of the House, whether the publick faith was not pledged to them, and whether they may not insist on their discharge.

The Commander in Chief (*Gen. Conway*) denied that the ministers had any intention to force the regiment to a service disagreeable to them. Before the terms of the peace were agreed on, and while war raged in India, he had advised sending them to that country. As peace came of a sudden, the orders had not been formally revoked; and from some attempts made to persuade them to renew their engagements, the regiment took a false alarm, and supposed that some compulsion would be used for that purpose in order to send them on their former destination; for

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it had been given out by the abettors of the mutiny that the regiment was sold to the East-India Company. Nothing could be more false or groundless.

Mr. Fox expressed some surprise at what had fallen from the General respecting the sudden advance of the peace. To him it was not sudden; to the publick it was not so. It had been expected on the word of the ministers long before. He thought the terms of enlistment were limited by the paper issued from the War-Office, and that the date of service being at an end the regiment should be discharged.

General Smith thought the Highlanders had been alarmed by false insinuations. He thought them unfit for the service of the Company, as they were incapable of bearing the extreme heat of the country. This was also *Sir Eyre Coote's* opinion. *General Conway* professed himself to be totally unwilling to force them on that station,

and said, that no Highland regiment should, while he had the command of the army, be sent to the Indies.

Mr. Frazer spoke warmly in praise of the Highlanders, and defended them from the imputation of a mutinous spirit. None would do more, or suffer more, when duty and obligation called them. But their spirits revolted at imposition and compulsion.—Several of the members thought enquiries of the kind moved for by *Lord Maitland* to be improper in the present juncture; and a very short time would in all probability render them totally needless and superfluous. The question, however, was put and agreed to, that the paper from the War-Office should lie on the table, and that other papers relative to the army and the state and conditions of enlistment should likewise be produced.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. ON AN EQUAL REPRESENTATION.

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDED GENTLEMEN OF SCOTLAND.

YOU know, Gentlemen, that according to the present system of splitting and conveying rights of superiority in voting for members of parliament, the peers of Scotland, who are expressly prohibited by act of parliament to interfere with the elections of commoners, have acquired a power and influence in the election of the representatives of the people, altogether, unexampled in the history of this country—a power, which is directly subversive of the constitution of this kingdom.

By the present mode of management, peers are, or may be, in effect, the electors of the representatives of the freeholders in all the counties of Scotland: for, although they do not appear personally at elections of commoners to sit in parliament, their presence is but too manifest by a long train of confidants, friends, and dependents, who in virtue of qualifications which do not bestow upon them one inch of property within the county, or communicate to them any subject to interest them in its welfare, and who consequently are none of the people intitled to be represented

for that county, yet out-number and out-vote the real proprietors, inhabitants of the county, and chuse as their representative a man, who indeed is the dependent of the noble peer, or junto of peers, but whom, it is odds, the real owners of landed property and constitutional voters had never seen, and perhaps scarcely ever heard of before; but it is sufficient, if he is subservient to the will of the noble superior of extensive property in the county, in which a foot of land does not, perhaps, truly belong to him.

The abuse here pointed out also strikes against commoners of extensive superiorities, who have gone into this unconstitutional system of splitting superiorities. By the constitution they have right to but one vote, let their property be ever so over-grown or extensive: therefore, they have no right to appear at an election of members of parliament, with a train of dependents and followers voting upon nominal qualifications, which is inconsistent with every idea of a free representation, and therefore is a corruption which requires a speedy and an effectual remedy.

There are, it is true, many peers and commoners in Scotland who have not as yet adopted this fatal system; but, if a speedy stop is not put to the evil, there can be no doubt but the contagion in a short time will become universal.

It may happen, indeed, that gentlemen of respectable character and reputation will not be disposed to accept of nominal qualifications; and, particularly, that it will become the general opinion, that the oath of trust and possession cannot be taken in such circumstances with a safe conscience: but this supposition would never put a stop to the evil, but would have the certain tendency of increasing it. Those superiors who at present bestow such nominal qualifications upon their friends, and feel no compunction at their swallowing the oath of trust and possession, could never hesitate to bestow them upon their dependents, of whatever character and condition; who, being men of meaner rank and more submissive consciences, would not scruple in all cases to comply with the views of the granters: and thus we might soon expect to see the meetings of elections for members of parliament filled with the footmen, postillions, cooks, pimps, and parasites, of these mighty superiors, to the utter expulsion of every man of real worth and dignified character in the kingdom.

Persons of such a stamp being the electors of a member to serve in parliament, their constituent would not fail to confer on them every mark of distinction in his power: he would not therefore neglect to have their names inserted in the acts of supply and the commissions of the peace; and thus constitute these worthy personages the guardians of the peace and regulators of the internal police of the county. Can any man, whose breast is animated with the smallest spark of publick spirit, or who is endowed with the least portion of regard for the welfare of his country, revolve in his mind for a moment the consequences of such a detestable system of representation of this part of the united kingdom, without feeling the utmost indignation at the authors of it, and execrating the abettors of a scheme of policy pregnant with such evils to the constitution of their country?

If a minister finds it advisable, or necessary for carrying on his measures, to secure the voice of a septennial member of parliament, by bestowing marks of royal favour; how much more must he find it his interest to attach to his measures persons who have contrived means to secure to themselves and their heirs a perpetual or hereditary power and privilege of electing or sending to parliament the constituent members of it, who ought to be the representatives of the people, but who in fact can be viewed in no other light than as the venal tools of a particular class or description of men in the kingdom? Thus, it is obvious, every species of venality and corruption must spread through the land with rapid progress. The contagion will not be confined to the higher classes; it will extend its baneful influence over all ranks and degrees of men.

All orders of men will be taught to look up with servility and debasement of mind to the persons possessed of these super-eminent indefeasible rights and privileges, for favour and protection. Thenceforward the security of property is unhinged, and our most valuable rights must be held upon a precarious tenure. The judges of our property are named by the crown: the royal favour is conferred only on persons who lend their support to ministerial measures. Hence the contagion of venality must pervade the seats of justice. It will be kept alive by gainful prospects; and every occasion of solicitation in favour of a son or brother, or other relation or friend, will prove a fresh incitement to preserve the venal system in strength and vigour. It will not escape notice, that the determination of our property in the last resort is lodged by the constitution, and properly while it remains possessed of its natural health and vigour, in that part of the legislative body which consists of the nobles of the kingdom.

Our constitution is happily formed on the principles of freedom, wisdom, and duration. The interest of the great body of the people is the chief end of all good government. Their liberty, protection, and security, must not depend upon the partial views or interested prospects of any particular class or rank of men: they must rest upon a more solid basis, that of wise laws, of

which the object is the indiscriminate good of the whole subjects of the kingdom; laws which must be executed with fidelity and probity.

A system of government, which puts it easily in the power of any order of the state to corrupt a few of the subjects of the kingdom, and by that means to rule the rest, must be fatal to liberty, and subversive of a free government.

Yet such is the system that has of late years been established in this part of the united kingdom. The tendency of perpetual entails, by which estates may be increased, but cannot be diminished, with the assumed power of splitting or dividing superiorities, and creating nominal votes, in the manner above taken notice of, must at first sight strike every man endowed with the least ray of reason, as a most dangerous innovation and perversion of our free constitution; and which, if not

checked by the landed proprietors and real freeholders of the kingdom, will become a rooted establishment, to the utter destruction of the freedom of the people.

The British system of government is formed on the happiness, not the oppression, of the people. Accordingly they find themselves happy under its influence; they love their constitution, and wish to support it; they are not desirous to change their laws nor their masters: but if they suffer a venal and corrupt system of government to be once established, they will find it difficult to break their chains, and emancipate themselves from the tyrannical fetters imposed upon them. The influence of venality and corruption will silence the servile part of people; while the lovers of virtue and constitutional freedom must sink into submission, overawed by power which it may be then too late to resist.

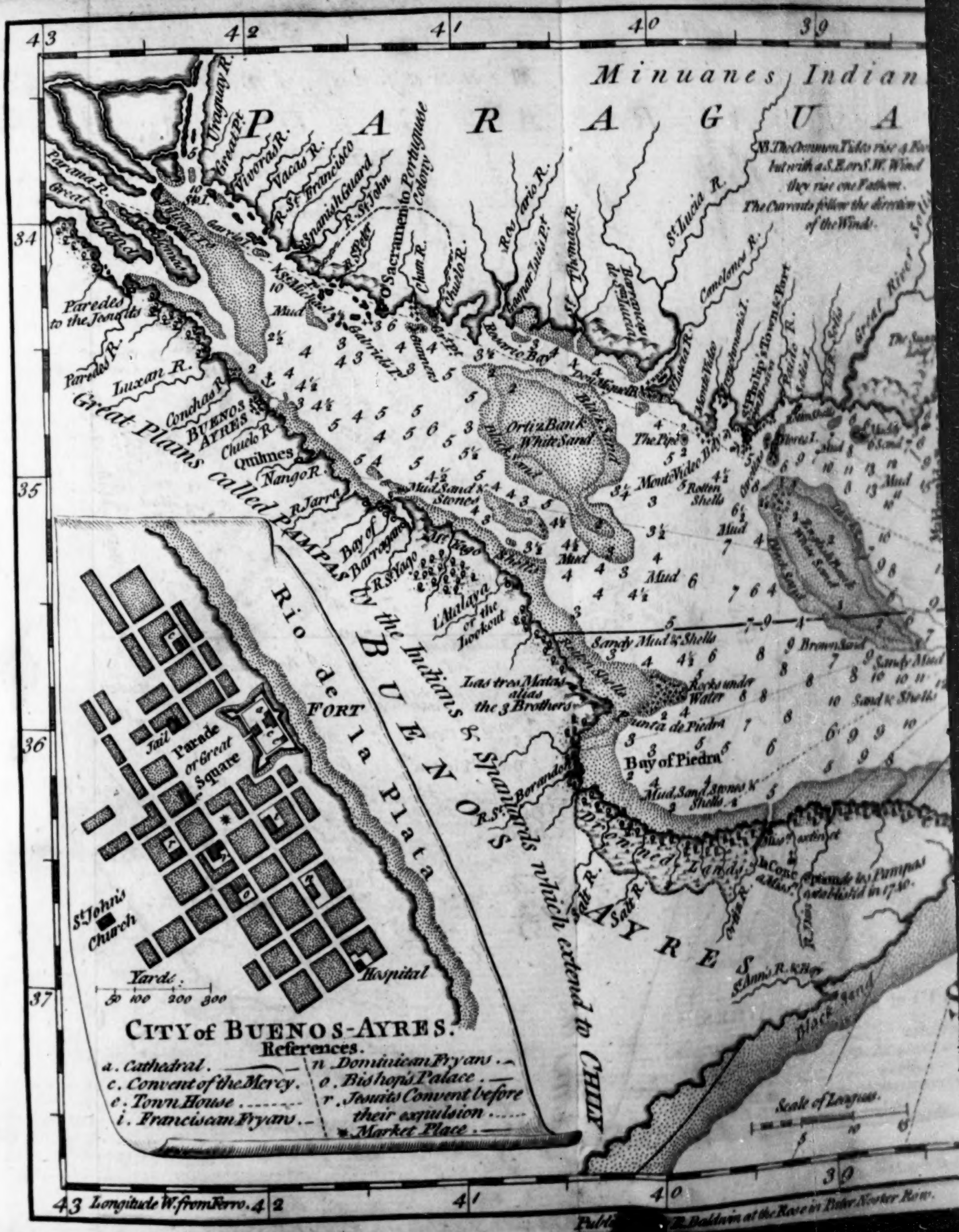
AN ACCOUNT OF RIO DE LA PLATA IN SOUTH-AMERICA.

NATURE seems in the new world to have carried on her operations with a bolder hand, and to have distinguished this country by a peculiar magnificence. The mountains of America are all much superior in height to those in the other divisions of the globe. These may literally be said to hide their heads in the clouds, the storms often roll and the thunder bursts below their summits which though exposed to the rays of the sun in the center of the torrid zone are covered with everlasting snows.

From such lofty ridges descend rivers proportionally large, with which the streams in the ancient continent are not to be compared either for length of course or the vast body of water which they roll towards the ocean.

Among these the Plata in South-America is peculiarly striking. This immense collection of water, long before it feels the influence of the tide, resembles an arm of the sea rather than a river. But as particular descriptions make a stronger impression than general assertions, the reader may take that of a Modenese Jesuit, who thus represents what he felt when such new and extraordinary objects first attracted his attention.

“ While I resided in Europe, and read in books of history or geography, that the mouth of the river *De la Plata* was an hundred and fifty miles in breadth, I considered it as an exaggeration, because in this hemisphere we have no example of such vast rivers. When I approached its mouth, I had the most vehement desire to ascertain the truth with my own eyes, and I have found the matter to be exactly as it was represented. This I deduce particularly from one circumstance; when we took our departure from Montevideo, a fort situate more than a hundred miles from the mouth of the river, and where its breadth is considerably diminished, we sailed a complete day before we discovered the land on the opposite bank of the river; and when we were in the middle of the channel we could not discern land on either side, and saw nothing but the sky and water as if we had been in some great ocean. Indeed we should have taken it to be sea, if the fresh water of the river, which was turbid like the Po, had not satisfied us that it was a river. Moreover, at *Buenos Ayres*, another hundred miles up the river, and where it is still much narrower, it is not only impossible to discern the opposite coast, which



Minuanes Indian

34
35
36
37

43 42 41 40 39

CITY of BUENOS-AYRES.
References.
a. Cathedral. n. Dominican Friars.
c. Convent of the Mercy. o. Bishop's Palace.
e. Town House. r. Jesuits Convent before
i. Franciscan Friars. their expulsion.
Market Place.

Yards.
50 100 200 300

Scale of Leagues.
5 10 15

43 Longitude W. from Ferro. 42 41 40 39

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which is indeed very low and flat; but one cannot perceive the houses or the tops of the steeples in the Portuguese settlement Colonia, on the other side."

Ciudad de la Trinidad or *Buenos Ayres*, lies on this coast, as the reader will see in the plate. It is well fortified and defended by a numerous artillery and hither is brought a great part of the treasures and merchandizes of *Peru* and *Chilli*, which are exported

from thence to Spain. An abortive attempt was made on this settlement by the English last war, which probably deterred any similar expedition being equipped for that purpose during the late one. And whatever may be its consequence to the Spaniards, it could be of little or none to us, unless we also possessed the sovereignty of the whole adjacent country.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE XXII.

THIRTY Letters on various Subjects. 2 vols. 12mo.

WRITTEN in a light and easy style, without any affectation of studied elegance; and contain a variety of observations on subjects of taste, which do credit to the author's ingenuity. His criticisms are not always new, but they are generally just; and though his philosophical speculations will not carry conviction, yet they may afford entertainment. The letter on catches is equally sensible and sprightly; and is well calculated to excite a general contempt for that idle amusement, which at best is but "a mockery of song." The ingenious author, with a mixture of charity and justice, hath endeavoured to rescue poor Quarles (the poet of *Emblems*) from that disgrace, which the scorn of some tyrannic wits hath thrown on his name. We are presented with a very beautiful bouquet selected with great judgement and taste from Quarles's garden; or rather we would say—his wilderness, "where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot." The latter indeed have long "wasted their sweetness on the desert-air!"—and no wonder, because they were so shaded by the former, that it required patient search and a keen eye to find them out.

The letter on *Self-Production* will do the author's understanding little credit:—unless he designed it as a joke on Atheism. If this was his intention (and charity hopeth all things!) we wish he had raised the laugh against it a little louder by observing, that the great and glorious doctrine of *equivocal generation* received noble support from the testimony of that profound and infallible historian *Diodorus Siculus*, who, in his first book, with a very grave countenance (and this improves the joke!) informs us that *Egypt* was originally peopled from the mud of the Nile. And why might not men spring from mud and 'elephants from deserts,' as well as mice from cheese, and animals from peppered water? A difficulty indeed may be started—"How came the Nile

to lose its teeming faculty?"—But what is such a small difficulty as this to the man who hath got over ten thousand greater ones?—Say at once, that the Nile, at a certain age, was past child-bearing.

The author's observations on painting are formed on scientific principles, and discover a refinement of taste in that elegant art. His hints on music, speak a thorough acquaintance with the subject. *Ex pede Herculem*. The scattered fragments shew the beauty and proportion of the whole statue.

XXIII. *Sermons on Death, Judgement, Heaven, and Hell.* By Mr. Whitaker, Author of the *History of Manchester*. small 8vo.

AS an historian Mr. Whitaker had some good qualities; as a preacher none—We say NONE—if we are to form our judgement of his qualifications in this capacity from the sermons before us. The author aims to be picturesque in his representations of those sublime and awful events "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Hence his descriptions burlesque his subjects and excite ridicule rather than reverence. His pathos is cant; his sublime is tustian; and the best motto for his sermons would be *Professus grandia TURGET.* HOR.

XXIV. *The Necessitarian.* By Benjamin Dawson, LL. D. Rector of Burgh, in Suffolk, 8vo.

THE question concerning liberty and necessity is stated and discussed in nineteen letters. The arguments of both sides of the question are managed with a considerable degree of metaphysical shrewdness; but necessity binds poor liberty in chains, and leads the sad captive away to grace its triumph.

The perusal of this pamphlet reminded us of the employment of certain personages of Pandemonium, whose edifying speculations and amusements are thus recorded by their own poets:

Others

"Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate and reason'd high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end in wandering mazes lost!"
On this passage a very profound and sagacious critic (in *Nubibus*) benoteth as follows:

Others apart.—Why, "apart?" Because when they were talking of such subjects every other devil wisely chose to leave their company, that they might dispute it out among themselves.

Sat on a hill:—In good truth a very proper place; for as the next line observes, "*they reason'd high.*" The ancients (and Milton knew how to imitate them) loved a pun.

Fate—fix'd fate; will, freewill; foreknowledge, ditto absolute.—Who but metaphysical devils could have made distinctions which to mere common sense mortals appear to be without difference?

And found no end, i. e. they reasoned in a circle, which thou knowest, gentle reader, hath no beginning or end.—Or, it may signify, that they reasoned to *no purpose*. This is a species of hell torments unknown to the poets of antiquity, unless thou mayst fancy some allusion to it in the restless toils of Sisyphus, the abortive labours of the Danaïdes, and the everlasting circumvolutions of Ixion on his wheel.

XXV. *Reasons for resigning the Rectory of Panton, and Vicarage of Seawinderby, in Lincolnshire, and quitting the Church of England.* By John Disney, D. D. F. S. A. Price 6s. Johnson.

A Man who made it his business to stand at a distance, and throw small peas through the eye of a needle, just large enough to receive them, perceiving Alexander admire his dexterity expected a great reward, but Alexander, apprehending the performer's expectations, rewarded him only with a whole bushel of peas. Happy for mankind had the various polemical incubations of Theological Dogmatists never met in any age, or from any set of men, with any attention or compensation more serious and important.

The following anecdote perhaps may give no inadequate idea both of the principles and spirit which characterise those rational Dissenters for whom Dr. Disney relinquishes his mother church. And we insert it here chiefly as a striking illustration of the *moderation and liberality* which distinguish the *toleration so modestly assumed* by all the abettors of these modern reformers:

A young divine from the North, on a visit not long ago to one of these, in the West of England, the rational Dissenter did every thing in his power, his guest, who notwithstanding, rigidly kept possession of his own notions. When the family were called to prayers, however, this petulant

grey headed prig in a very solemn appeal to Heaven, recapitulated the whole evening's conversation, furiously exclaimed against the idolatry of his friend, and prayed most fervently that he might be enabled to renounce the divinity of his Saviour, and that of the Holy Ghost, relinquish all confidence in the doctrine of atonement, and in due time believe original sin, predestination, and salvation by grace to be the most damnable of all heresies. "Come (said the Scotsman, rising from his knees) I did not know that you rational worshippers made a point of seizing your Maker in this manner, with all the ridiculous logomachus of your idle altercations."

Dr. Disney's reasons are the same with those of all his predecessors who have referred the versatility of their religious convictions to conscience. He argues, or rather states his opinions, however, with candour, and expresses himself with propriety and simplicity. His talents, whatever they are, seem to be under the direction of taste, and we sincerely wish he may now have an opportunity of employing them both to his own credit and the publick good.

XXVI. *Thoughts on the Difficulties and Distresses in which the Peace of 1783 has involved the People of England; on the present Disposition of the English, Scots, and Irish to emigrate to America; and on the Hazard they run, without certain Precautions, of rendering their Condition more deplorable.* Addressed to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. By John King, Esq. Price 1s. 6d. Fielding.

THIS author is too paradoxical to gain much attention. It is very difficult to find out his drift, though several passages in his performance are written with spirit and elegance. The lecturer in Margaret-street Chapel, Cavendish-square, comes in for a share of his sarcasm, though it is not very easy to perceive what connection a disciple of Hume's can have with the present deplorable plight of publick affairs, the rapacity of the East-India Company's servants in their Asiatic settlements, or the general disposition of the British and Irish to emigrate. But the master stroke in this very curious pamphlet is to prove that Mr. Fox, to whom the downfall of two administrations in less than a twelve-month has generally been attributed, is, notwithstanding, equally destitute of genius and influence. May this illustrious commoner never meet with a more formidable assailant. It is a pity, however, our doughty barrister has not yet learned to distinguish virulence from spirit, buffoonery from satire, or the indignant language of a scholar and a gentleman from the ribaldry of a bully or a scullion.

XXVII. *Considerations on the Provisional Treaty with America, and the Preliminary Articles of Peace with France and Spain.* 2s. Cadell.

THIS

THIS pamphlet betrays the hand of a master. The reasoning is for the most part solid and satisfactory. It goes at least very near to prove the peace as good as in our present circumstances could be obtained. The composition both in point of language and arrangement is greatly superior to the common run of political and temporary publications. The writer states his opinions with firmness and perspicuity, and discovers a candour and moderation, where so much party, altercation, and illiberality have been exchanged, peculiarly amicable and exemplary.

XXVIII. *Inquiries concerning the Poor.* By John M'Farlane, D. D. one of the Ministers of Canongate, Edinburgh. 5s. Longman.

THIS masterly performance is not like most books of modern manufacture, the production of interest or vanity, but a monument reared to benevolence. Had the author been solely ambitious of fame, he could not have hit an expedient more likely to realize and extend it. So inseparably connected are even the most trivial virtues, with that immortality which God and nature have constituted their infallible reward. For while there are poor in the world the name M'Farlane, must be remembered with tears of gratitude. And while the world lasts, such in all probability will still be the miserable condition of far the greatest part of the species.

XXIX. *Reports of the Humane Society, instituted in the Year 1774, for the Recovery of Persons apparently drowned, during the Years 1781-82.* Rivington.

WE cannot give a better account of this laudable and necessary publication than the Editor has done, in a very well written introduction.

"We cannot too often hear of the relief of distressed objects, though their misfortunes are of a similar nature. To listen to the repetition of such tales, is, to the feeling mind, a repetition of the most exalted pleasure. Convinced of this truth, the fears of the Editor, on appearing again before the public on the subject of the following reports, are considerably diminished; as he is assured that the candour of the public will be eminently manifested towards those writers who engage in the cause of humanity.

"The subsequent Reports contain an account of the transactions of the Humane Society during the years 1781 and 1782. In classing the cases, the following order is adopted:—RESTORATIONS—PRESERVATIONS with or without medical aid—UNSUCCESSFUL cases.—With respect to the first, the DIRECTORS ardently wish they had been more numerous, though it must be confessed they far exceed their most sanguine expectations, and esta-

blish the most indisputable and manifold proofs of the great utility of the institution. As to the PRESERVATIONS, though the circumstances attendant on them are not so surprising as those of the former class, yet in point of number, they give abundant satisfaction, and in that of utility must be allowed to have considerable advantage, as to prevent is better than to remedy an evil. Other feelings affect the DIRECTORS respecting the unsuccessful cases. They sincerely regret that this class is so numerous, but their sorrow is alleviated by the consideration of such a number of objects being properly attended to in the hour of death, and not, as formerly, given up to the grave without vigorous and judicious exertions in hope of their restoration.

"So much has been well written in favour of the HUMANE SOCIETY, that it is difficult to make any new or material addition upon the subject. To restore animation is an act that seems to carry humanity beyond itself, and to raise it as nearly as possible to divinity, as nothing can exceed it, with respect to temporal life, but creation. To preserve the existence of our fellow creatures is a duty so incumbent on us, that, in general, we naturally and cheerfully engage in its performance; but where the safety of others can only be procured by hazarding our own lives, self preservation may occasion the most humane to shrink from the danger, and the unfeeling and avaricious have abundant excuses for their misanthropy. Some additional motive to rescue endangered life is therefore necessary, and that is supplied by the HUMANE SOCIETY, who make it the interest of every spectator to attempt saving a drowning fellow-mortal.

"If persons who occasionally assist in such cases even arrive too late to preserve, or restore animation, they are punctually paid for their humane and proper, though unsuccessful, labour and attention. The Society goes still farther, and in promoting communications among gentlemen of the Faculty, contributes to increase medical science, and to improve the art of reanimating the apparently dead.

"The great utility of this institution to the public will be manifest to those who attend to the number of preservations and restorations; and the extensive private happiness of which it is productive can be best estimated by the tender parent, the dutiful child, the fond husband, and affectionate wife, the faithful friend, and the sympathetic citizen of the world.

"Religious considerations, as well as those of mere humanity, may also be urged in recommendation of this institution; for the HUMANE SOCIETY not only checks the black designs of the intended suicide, and gives him as well as others, time for repentance

pentance, by rescuing them from sudden death, but it also prepares them for the happiness of futurity, by placing in their hands approved books of piety and devotion.

"Surely then, an institution fraught with such numerous and important benefits, can never be suffered to decline for want of charitable contributions from those who have ability to afford it support. We have the pleasure to say, and justice calls upon us to declare, that since the publication of the last Reports the finances of the Society have been augmented; but they are yet by no means adequate to the expanded views of the DIRECTORS; who, by extending the rewards, would promote public utility in the highest possible degree all over the kingdom, if their means were sufficient, and their designs countenanced by men whose fortunes were equal to their philanthropy.

"For the increase of benefactions that has taken place the warmest thanks, as they are justly due, are gratefully returned.—The CLERGY especially merit the acknowledgements of the DIRECTORS and the

community at large: they have readily complied when requested, to plead in behalf of the institution: they have in this cause exerted themselves with a generous zeal, with abilities, and with judgement; and their success, if not always equal to the merit of their performances, has certainly been very considerable.

"In making our acknowledgements to those whose exertions have eminently promoted the design of the institution, too much praise cannot be given to the MEDICAL ASSISTANTS. They have served the Society and the public upon the most disinterested principles: they have not only attended to restore persons to life, but they have also administered to their consequent indispositions without fee or reward; and thus added the return of health to the return of animation.

"That there may be repeated calls for such acknowledgements, and that the prosperity of the HUMANE SOCIETY may be adequate to its benevolent designs, is the first and most ardent wish of the DIRECTORS."

POETICAL ESSAYS.

An Author's Address to his BOOK.

A MOCK ELEGY.

AH! BOOK begotten in a heedless hour,
Like brats their parents are ashamed
to own; [pou'r,

How wilt thou struggle with the critic's
And unprotected meet the bigot's frown?

"BURN!" cries Old CLAMOR in his
eyeless rage,

Subtle to plan and eager to pursue:

And whilst he scorches thy devoted page,
He wishes he could burn the author too.

How many skulls, laid open by my hand,
Yawn for revenge!—and, like Ezekiel's
bones, [band

Rattle "TO ARMS!"—and form a frightful
To take full recompense for wounds and
groans!

See! here a direful PHALANX!—See! they
come, [its court:

From where dull NIGHT in silence keeps

"Grinning a ghastly smile," each leaves
his tomb,

To pay in earnest what I lent in sport.

One skull moves slowly:—but tho' slow, 'tis
sure!

'Tis empty, yet 'tis ponderous as LEAD:
Henceforth learn caution from a look demure,
And let the dunce sleep quiet as the dead.

Ah! luckless child of Fancy's frolic hour,
Where can thy weakness for protection flee?
Haste—haste, to find Oblivion's shady bower:
There seek repose, and spread a couch
for me.

B. S.

A LOVE SONG.

WHY do the birds in jocund mood
So late, so early sing?
Why do the winds from yonder wood
Waft all the sweets of spring?

Ah! see the fields how fresh they smile,
How wanton lambskins play;
And all the ills of life beguile
By loving while they may.

What female is not kind while young,
Or can be kind too soon?
Would not her kindness still prolong
And be with kindness won?

Come then sweet love, let us embrace,
The season while it lasts,
For furly Winter to deface,
Our purest pleasures hastes.

Then would I clasp thee in my arms,
And press thee to my breast,
With rapture revel in thy charms,
Bless freely and be blest.

*An ACROSTIC on a young Lady who
died at the age of thirteen.*

MEEK, gentle maid, thou art fled in
beauty's bloom
An early victim to the silent tomb,
Replete with every virtue of the mind,
Young though in years, her manners wit
refin'd.

G ood

Good humour sparkled in her lively eyes,
 O r pity heav'd her sympathetic sighs,
 Distress her face expressive did impart
 Keen sorrow pierc'd her soft and feeling
 heart.

In mercy Christ hath call'd her soul away,
 Now high in Heaven she shines in endless
 day.

Derbyshire.

W. H.

To Mrs. H—F—, on her missing one of
 the two beautiful fawn-tailed Doves which
 went by the names of Jupiter and Juno.

L O! where thy fawn-tails did resort
 And shared thy tender care,
 No more the lovely graces sport,
 In forms supremely fair.
 Crush'd by the hand of cruel fate
 The husband leaves his hapless mate
 A legacy to thee.

But He who ev'ry sparrow feeds,
 And clothes the lilies of the meads
 Shall cherish her and me.

Ye ills that haunt the human state,
 And ev'ry path infest;
 In grim Misfortune's pallid gait,
 To wound the feeling breast.
 Why victims to your worst alarms
 Whom nor intrinsic merit charms,
 Nor beauty stays your hand:
 Else Jupiter in thunder clad
 Had not so soon his Juno fled
 Or fall'n by your command.

O! mortals, born to ev'ry woe,
 When shall you æra come,
 When free'd from all that hurts below
 We reach a kinder home.

For here the heart can find no rest,
 And all our blessings still molest
 In one unceasing train.
 But then, the scene of sorrow past,
 No cloud or sky shall overcast,
 No discontent remain.

Ye fiends inhuman, ah! refrain
 On innocence to prey,
 Nor longer croud each hostile plain,
 The harmless game to slay;
 Ah! can you kill without a tear,
 Those to whom life is just as dear,
 As it can be to you,
 With hearts so finely made to warm,
 And largely share another's harm,
 Not one bird more pursue.

EARLY PIETY.

A Fragment.

O Thou, the guardian of my orphan
 years, [feet,
 That to the welcome tomb now guides my
 That led our fathers thro' this vale of tears,
 Whose hearts no more with pious fervours
 beat,
 Lond. Mag. April, 1783.

O hear a parent's prayer, and bless my boy,
 Pride of my hoary age, and all my earthly joy.

"When wild-eyed pleasure darts th' illicit
 glance, [snare,

Where guileful guilt gaytrims the treacherous
 When bounding joy weaves the tumultuous
 dance, [brutal air,

And vine crown'd vice breathes loud the
 O then the cherub Piety send down,
 To fix faint Virtue firmly on her trembling
 throne.

In fickle youth he leaves my aged arms,
 When head-strong passions fires the fervent
 blood,

O may he shun the wizard Vice's charms,
 And rise in favour with the wise and good,
 Attending angels wave the purple wing,
 And waft the prayer all smiling to the eternal
 King.

The Great Supreme scorns not the tenderest
 sigh,

But every heartfelt prayer regardful hears,
 Adversity on speediest pinion flies,
 The kind behest in fearful form she bears,
 And downward as she heaves her heavy flight,
 A thousand terrors thicken thro' the shades of
 night.

Ah see the tender tribe of youthful sweets,
 Flee frighted from their lawns and game-
 some play,
 And rosy joy, and mirth with frolick seats,
 Ah see them by the fury scared away:
 Her blissing train becloud the sunniest hours,
 And o'er blythe health dark brooding discon-
 tentment low'rs.

Keen are the mocking frowns dependance bears,
 Dash'd by the baughty hand of wealth aside;
 Keener the blush that modest merit wears,
 At the upbraiding boon of pitying pride;
 Fickle suspense gives yet a deeper wound,
 Chains the wide ranging mind, and drags it to
 the ground.

She joys in trackless deserts waste and wide,
 Wherein no end nor object meet the eye,
 Save shapeless fears that toss the fretful tide,
 And ride the billows of anxiety.
 Hung o'er the yawning gulf there wretches
 howl,
 Above, loose rocks, beneath, the black waves
 dreadly roll.

EPITAPH

Sacred to the much lamented memory of Master
 WILLIAM MOORE CAULFIELD. Obiit.
 Martii 23^{di}, 1783. Anno Ætatis 15.

AND art thou gone?—Ah much lamented
 you h;
 Endow'd with varied pow'rs, and manly truth!
 C c Oh

Oh what a soul, and what a form divine!
 Thy pen as tuneful as the sacred nine:
 Thy pencil caught each attribute of life,
 And art with nature toil'd in friendly strife—
 Thy filial piety with lucid beam,
 Glanc'd like the orb of day's resplendent
 gleam:
 Chearing such parents as for worth might
 vie
 With cherub'd angels in yon azure sky!—
 No longer mourn 'tho' much lov'd Willy's
 fate,
 With joy behold his blest immortal state.—
 View him enthron'd with Seraphims above,
 Praising with lays divine his maker's love!—

Loud hallelujahs from the heav'nly quires,
 Resound dear Caulfield's name with warbling
 lyres.

By a young Lady, on hearing a Sermon.

BLESS'D be the tongue that could so well
 Bind up my wounded heart,
 The heavy tide of woe repel,
 And lenient joys impart.

For, O! what soothing comforts rise
 To an afflicted mind,
 From such as share the wretches sighs
 With sympathy refin'd.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, April 11.

THE following is the arrange-
 ment of the new ministry,
 with the establishment of some
 of the interior offices:

First Lord of the Treasury.
 Duke of Portland *vice* Earl of Shelburne
Secretaries of State.
 Rt. Hon. Lord North Rt. H. T. Townshend
 Rt. Hon. Cha. Fox Lord Grantham
Chancellor of the Exchequer.
 Lord John Cavendish Right Hon. W. Pitt
President of the Council.
 Lord Stormont Lord Camden
Lord Privy-Seal.
 Earl of Carlisle Duke of Grafton
First Lord of the Admiralty.
 Lord Keppel Lord Howe
Master General of the Ordnance.
 Lord Townshend Duke of Richmond
Paymaster of the Forces.
 Rt. Hon. Ed. Burke Rt. Hon. Isaac Barré
Treasurer of the Navy.
 Rt. H. C. Townshend Lord Advocate
Secretary at War,
 Col. Fitzpatrick Sir George Yonge
Lords of the Treasury.
 Earl of Surrey James Grenville, Esq.
 Sir Grey Cooper Richard Jackson, Esq.
 F. Montagu, Esq. C. J. Elliot, Esq.
Lords of the Admiralty.
 Lord Duncannon Charles Brett, Esq.
 Admiral Pigot Before in same office
 Sir J. Lindsay R. Hopkins, Esq.
 W. Reeve, Esq. Hon. J. J. Pratt
 W. Jolliffe, Esq. John Aubrey, Esq.
 Hon. J. Townshend Hon. Leveson Gower
Treasurer of the Household.
 Rt. Hon. C. Grenville Earl of Effingham
Steward of the Household.
 Earl of Dartmouth Duke of Rutland.

Chamberlain of the Household.
 Earl of Hertford *vice* Duke of Manchester
Secretaries to the Treasury.

R. B. Sheridan, Esq. Thomas Ord, Esq.
 Richard Burke, Esq. George Rose, Esq.

Under-Secretaries of State.
 Hon. Colonel North Henry Strachey, Esq.
 John St. John, Esq. Evan Nepean, Esq.

Speaker of the House of Lords.
 Earl Mansfield Lord Thurlow

Court of Chancery.

Lord Loughborough }
 Sir W. H. Ashurst } Lord Thurlow
 Sir B. Hotham }

Treasurer of the Ordnance.
 William Adam, Esq. William Smith, Esq.

Vice-Treasurers of Ireland.

Earl Shannon Before in same office.
 Lord C. Speneer Ditto

Right Hon. W. Eden Sir George Yonge
Postmasters.

Rt. Hon. F. Carteret Before in same office.
 Lord Foley Earl Tankerville

Ambassador to France.

Duke of Manchester Mar. of Caermarthen
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Lord Cholmondeley Duke of Dorset

Attorney-General.
 James Wallace, Esq. Lloyd Kenyon, Esq.

Solicitor-General.
 John Lee, Esq. Pepper Arden, Esq.

From the LONDON GAZETTE of Satur-
 day, April 12.

Whitehall, April 12.
 Extracts of letters from Lieutenant-General Sir
 Eyre Coote, K. B. dated Madras, the 31st of
 August and 25th of September, 1782, re-
 ceived at the office of his Majesty's principal
 Secretary of State for the Home Department,
 on the 7th of April, 1783.

WHILST I was straining every nerve
 in advancing the army in the neighbourhood of

of Chingleput, to counteract the views of Heider and the French, I anxiously looked to the result of my reference to the governor-general, and to the arrival of their orders in consequence, as a period which would undoubtedly restore to me that authority over the Southern troops, which would enable me to direct them to such a co-operation as might tend equally to facilitate my own movements, and distract the designs of our enemies: but most unfortunately, on the 18th of February, long before any answer could come from Bengal, Colonel Braithwaite was attacked by Heider Ali's son, Tippo Saib, and Mons. Lally, near the banks of the Colleroon, and totally defeated. His whole detachment, consisting of about 2000 infantry, 250 cavalry, 18 officers, and a field train of 13 pieces, were either captured or destroyed.

The French being free from any apprehensions of a check from our Southern forces, and covered by the army of Heider Ali to the Northward, which secured them from all sudden attacks by my army, proceeded in perfect security against Cuddalore, which being incapable of holding out for any length of time, was, on the 6th of April, surrendered to the French forces under Mons. Duchemin, on terms of capitulation, which I have the honour to enclose.

To his Excellency Sir Eyre Coote, K. B. Lieutenant General and Commander in Chief in India.

Cuddalore, April 6, 1782.

SIR,

IT gives me much concern to inform you, that this garrison surrendered to the French arms on the 4th inst. in the morning. A copy of the capitulation I have now the honour of forwarding.

I flatter myself your excellency will excuse me for not sending it sooner, as I have been prevented by a multiplicity of business, owing to constant applications from the gentlemen in charge of the French officers, relative to the delivering over the stores, &c. of this garrison. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, your excellency's

Very obedient and most humble servant,

(Signed) JAMES HUGHES.

SIR,

THE French General, being desirous of having as little bloodshed as possible, has sent me to inform you, that the Nabob's troops having joined his army, if you do not immediately surrender, it will be out of his power to prevent the plundering of the fort, being promised to the European and Black troops if they attack it.

In consequence of which he proposes articles of capitulation, such as, from your situation, you have reason to expect; wishing to convince the English it is only in war we look on you as enemies, and being sent for this purpose by Mons. Duchemin, General of the French army, I sign these his first

proposals, according to the powers he has invested me with.

(Signed) LE VTE. DE HOUDETOT.

N. B. The above is a translation of a copy from the original.

ARTICLES of Capitulation drawn up between his Excellency Mons. Pierre Duchemin, Marshal of the Camps and Army of the King of France, and Commandant of the Troops of his Majesty in India, on the one side, and Captain James Hughes, Commandant of the Garrison of Cuddalore, on the other.

THE gates shall be delivered up tomorrow, the 4th of April, 1782, between the hours of eight and nine in the morning.—Agreed.

The English flag shall be kept flying till that time on the ramparts, and all hostilities shall be suspended; Capt. Hughes giving his word, that nothing shall go out of the place, either by land or sea, and all that does go out shall be deemed an infringement on the Articles of Capitulation, as it must either belong to the King or Company, since the property of officers and inhabitants are insured to them.—Agreed.

The garrison shall remain prisoners of war; the European officers and troops shall be sent to Madras on their parole, to be exchanged for the like number and rank of French officers and troops.—Agreed.

Private property shall be secured; but all that belongs to the King and Company shall be given over with the utmost exactness, and registered by the French Commissary sent for that purpose; and the least infidelity shall be deemed an infringement on the Articles of Capitulation.—Agreed.

The garrison shall march out with the honours of war, and deposit their arms on the Glacis, without being damaged.—Agreed.

The garrison shall be provided with provisions, and a passage by sea to Madras, the civil as well as the military.—Agreed.

Those who do not choose to remain under the French government, will have passports and escorts to Madras; those that do, shall, at the expiration of three months, take oaths of allegiance to his Most Christian Majesty.—Agreed.

The liberty of religion is granted in full.—Agreed.

The fort being delivered up, all private property belonging to the English, whether within or without it, shall be secured to them.—Agreed.

The whole is thoroughly understood and agreed to, upon the strictest honour.

April, 3, 1782, Signed for the French General, Le Vicomte de Houdetot.

(Signed) Duchemin.

(Signed) James Hughes, Captain Commandant of Cuddalore.

N. B. The above is a translation of a copy from the original Articles of Capitulation.

JAMES HUGHES, Capt. Com.

On the 15th, I received intelligence of the enemy having commenced the siege of Permacoli; and I find that garrison capitulated on the 17th.

I had no doubt of the enemy's forming designs upon Vandiwash; indeed my intelligence gave me reason to believe, that the French and Heider would march immediately to attack it: I therefore moved the army towards it with all possible despatch, in full persuasion that our enemies would have met me there, and tried a decisive action: but I arrived there without receiving the smallest opposition. Apprehending, however, lest the enemy might be in doubt about my desire of bringing them to action, and convinced that they would not seek for me in the neighbourhood of Vandiwash, where I could receive them to so great advantage, I determined to advance towards them. I accordingly made two marches in the direct road to the ground on which we had observed them, from the hill of Vandiwash, to be encamped; but on my approach they fell back, and both by my intelligence, and by what I could discover from the heights in the neighbourhood of our camp, they took up their station on the Red-Hills. This was a position in itself so strong, and could, by an army of such magnitude as Heider's, supported by an European force far exceeding the numbers in my army, be occupied to so great advantage, that I judged it expedient to lay my intelligence and sentiments before the two next officers in command, Major-General Stuart and Colonel Lang, that I might have the benefit of their opinions on a matter of such momentous importance, and on the issue of which depended the whole of the British interests in India.

Upon a reference to the council of war, which was held on this occasion, the idea I suggested of drawing the enemy from their strong post, by moving in a direction which would effectually check Heider's supplies, and alarm him for the safety of his grand magazine of Arnee, was unanimously approved.

In conformity to that plan, we accordingly marched on the 30th, and, on the 1st of June, encamped at the distance of about five miles from Arnee. That day I received intelligence that Heider, on hearing of the route we had taken, marched immediately, and that the advance of his army had arrived the preceding evening at Desloor, distant from us about 25 miles, and in the high road towards us. I was thereby satisfied, that the effect I had in view had taken place, and ordered a proper place to be reconnoitred for passing the baggage, in case I should either have found it advisable to go and meet the enemy, or to receive them on the ground I had occupied. In the middle of the night of the 1st, or rather early in the morning of the 2d, intelligence was brought me, that Heider was come to Chit-

tiput, distant from us about 11 miles. The army was then under orders of march to proceed nearer Arnee, which I was encouraged to hope might prove an easy acquisition, and which, by the large stock of provisions it contained, added to the extreme fitness of its situation, opened to us no less a prospect than the total expulsion of the enemy from the Carnatick. In my then position, with Heider's army on the one side, and an object of such magnitude on the other, it became a point of deliberation which was the most eligible line of conduct to be adopted—To persevere in my original intention of threatening Arnee (which Heider had most undoubtedly come to cover) and thereby bring on an action, or to advance and engage the enemy. I preferred the former, as it promised the most certain issue upon the mind of Heider, whose whole view evidently was to save his grand magazine. It was equal to him, whether he accomplished that, by diverting our attention from it, or by giving us battle. But it is reasonable to imagine, that if he succeeded on the former grounds, he would hardly, after having suffered four defeats, put any thing to risk on the latter. We accordingly, therefore, commenced our march towards Arnee, contiguous to which the advance of our army had arrived, and we had begun to mark out the ground for our encampment, when a distant cannonade opened on our rear, and which was the first annunciation I had of Heider's having approached so near us in force. His coming upon us thus suddenly proceeded from his being able to cover the march of his line of infantry by his large bodies of horse, and which having generally been the companions of our movements, during the whole of the war, were never to be considered as any positive proof of his army being at hand.

Every dispatch was used in making the necessary dispositions for repelling the attack, and coming to action. Our line was then in a low situation, with high and commanding ground all round, which as the enemy had got possession of, our different manœuvres were performed under every disadvantage, and exposed to a heavy though distant cannonade. It was not until near mid-day that we had reduced the enemy's various attacks into one settled point, so as to advance upon them with effect, and with a prospect of advantage; but so soon as that was accomplished, we pushed on and they gave way: we pursued them till the evening was far advanced, taking from them in their retreat one gun, five tumbrils, and two carts laden with ammunition.

I remained at this advanced station to the last moment the state of my provisions would admit of; and when obliged to fall back for my supplies, I endeavoured to do it with all the credit possible, by again seeking for Heider, who, by my intelligence, had encamped

camped with his army contiguous to a road by which we might march. He retreated before me with precipitation, although in possession of ground which he could have disputed our approach towards with great advantage. We pursued our march the succeeding day, by the same road on which he had retreated, but found that he turned off, and crossed the country towards Arnee. On the 8th of June, when encamped in the neighbourhood of Trivatore, and where he had halted a day to refresh both the troops and the cattle, of which they stood greatly in need, having suffered severely both by sickness and fatigue, our grand guard was most unfortunately drawn into an ambuscade, composed of about 6000 of Heider's chosen horse, and totally cut off, before any support could be afforded.

It is with pleasure I acquaint you, that the establishment of peace with the Mahrattas is in the fairest way towards being happily accomplished; as, on the 17th of May last, articles of a treaty of peace, and perpetual friendship and alliance, between the English and the Mahrattas, were agreed to and executed by Mahdeo Scindia, on the part of the latter, and by Mr. David Anderson (deputed by the Governour-General and Council) on the part of the former; subject, however, to the approval and ratification of their respective governments, before they should become final. In as far as depends upon us, I believe every part has been confirmed, but as yet I have not heard of the conditions having received the seal and signature of the Peshwa, and the attestations of the dependent members of the Poona state.

The only important movement of the army, which happened between the action of the 20 of June until this present time, was the relief of the garrison of Villore, which was performed between the 7th and 21st of August; the army having marched in that period near 200 miles, and threw into the place provisions sufficient to maintain the garrison to the 1st of March next.

I am concerned to acquaint your lordships with the fall of Trincomalé, which by our intelligence was surrendered to the French force under Mons. Suffrein on the 31st ult. by capitulation. My orders were to defend it to the last. Our squadron had an action with the French squadron off that place on the 3d ult. in which the last suffered most; but our fleet found it necessary to come to these roads, where it arrived the 9th ult. and is now refitting, and intends proceeding to Bombay the middle of next month. The Minerva storeship and the Major and Nottingham East-Indiamen, belonging to Sir Richard Bickerton's fleet are arrived; the two latter having on board Lieut. Col. Adams, with two companies of his Majesty's 101st regiment, and Col. Reimbold, with two companies of his Majesty's Electoral

troops. They have all of them arrived extremely healthy, and have suffered very little indeed by the voyage.

My present weak state will not allow of my entering into a particular detail of the late march of the army towards Cuddalore, and its return, together with the other occurrences which have since happened.

Major-General Sir Hector Munro has resigned the service, and returns to Europe in the Myrtle transport, which sails in a few days. Major General Stuart, who has been constantly in the field during the whole of this year's campaign, will in consequence succeed to the chief command of the Company's troops on this establishment. He has been in command of the army ever since my illness, in the conduct of which he has shown the most indefatigable activity, in a manner highly to his own honour, and much to my satisfaction.

[This Gazette also contains the address of the Keys of Mann, presented to the King by John Taubman, Esq. Speaker of the House of Keys of the said island; and the Address of the Bailiffs and Burgesses of the borough of Bridport, presented to the King by Thomas Scott, Esq. one of the representatives in parliament for the said borough.]

From the LONDON GAZETTE of Tuesday, April 15.

Admiralty-Office, April 15, 1783.

Extracts of letters from Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, Knight of the Bath, and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships employed in the East-Indies, to Mr. Stephens, received the 6th ult. by the Hon. Captain Carpenter, who came passenger to Ireland in the Rodney packet, belonging the East-India Company.

Superb, off Negapatnam, July 15, 1782.

I Mentioned, in my letter of the 15th ult. my intention to embark, in a few days after, all such men from Trincomalé hospital as could be any ways serviceable on board, and proceed with the squadron to this coast, to watch the motions of that of the French under Mons. Suffrein; and, accordingly, I sailed from Trincomalé bay on the 24th of last month, and anchored in Negapatnam-road the day following.

At this place I was informed that the French squadron was then at anchor off Cuddalore, which had surrendered before to their land forces; and that his Majesty's armed transports the Resolution and Raikes, on their passage to join me at Trincomalé with stores and ammunition, had very unfortunately been fallen in with by the French squadron, and captured; and the San Carlos, another of his Majesty's armed transports, with the Rodney brig were chased, and very narrowly escaped being also captured, and had returned to Madras Road.

I con-

I continued with the Squadron at an anchor in Negapatnam Road till the 5th of this month, when, at one P. M. the French Squadron, consisting of 18 sail, 12 of which of the line, came in sight. At three P. M. I weighed with his Majesty's Squadron, and stood to the southward all that evening and night, in order to gain the wind of the enemy.

On the 6th, at day light, the enemy's Squadron at anchor, bearing N. N. E. distant about seven or eight miles, wind at S. W. At fifty minutes past five A. M. I made the signal for the line of battle a-breast, and bore away towards the enemy. At six, observing the enemy getting under sail, and standing to the westward, hauled down the signal for the line of battle a-breast, and made the signal for the line-head, at two cables length distance. At ten minutes past seven, our line being well formed, made the signal to bear down on the enemy; each ship in our line against the ship opposed to her in the enemy's line. At forty minutes past ten the enemy's line began to fire on our's. At forty-five minutes past ten I made the signal for battle, and at the same time the signal for a close engagement.

From ten minutes after eleven till thirty-five past noon, the engagement was general from van to rear in both lines, and mostly very close; the enemy's ships appeared to have suffered severely both in hulls and masts; the van ship had bore away out of their line, and the Brilliant, the French admiral's second ship a-head, had lost her main-mast. At this time the sea breeze set in at S. S. E. very fresh, and several of the ships in our van and centre were taken a back, and paid round with their heads to the westward; while others of our ships, those in the rear in particular, which had suffered less in their rigging, paid off and continued on their former tack. Some of the enemy's ships were also paid round by the sea breeze with their heads to the westward; the admiral's second a-head in particular, which I supposed to be the Ajax, but proved afterwards to be the Severe, fell along-side the Sultan, and struck to her; but, whilst the Sultan was wearing to join me, made what sail she could, fired on and raked the Sultan, without showing any colours, and then got in amongst her own ships. At fifty minutes past noon, finding the Worcester, Eagle, and Burford still continuing on their former tack, and nearing the body of the enemy's Squadron very fast, I made the signal to wear, and hauled down the signal for the line, purposing to make the signal for a general chase; but the captain of the Monarca, having hailed, and informed me that all his standing rigging was shot away, and the ship otherwise so much disabled as to be ungovernable; and the Hero on the contrary tack, hauling in with the land with the signal of distress out; and the enemy's ships having wore and come to on the

larboard tack, those least disabled forming to windward to cover their disabled ships, and endeavouring to cut off the Eagle, I made the signal at twenty minutes past one, to wear, and stood to the westward, the engagement still continuing partially, wherever our ships were near the enemy's, and the Eagle hard pressed by two of the enemy's ships. At half past one I made the signal for the line of battle a-head on the larboard tack, and made the Exeter's signal to come within hail, and directed her to take her station a-stern of the Sultan. At two P. M. the enemy's Squadron were standing in shore, and collecting their ships, which I was also endeavouring to do, as our Squadron was very much dispersed, and continued on different tacks, the ships being greatly disabled, and in general ungovernable.

At half past four I hauled down the signal for the line of battle a-head, and made the signal to prepare to anchor; and at half past five I anchored with the Superb in six fathom water, between Negapatnam and Nagore; the other ships of the Squadron anchoring as they came in with the land, and the Worcester next day.

The enemy, having collected their ships into a close body, anchored at six P. M. about three leagues to leeward of our ships; during the remainder of the day, and all night, our ships were closely employed in securing their lower masts, almost all their standing rigging being shot away; splicing the old and reeving new rigging, and getting serviceable sails to the yards.

On the 7th in the morning, the damages sustained by the several ships of the Squadron appeared to me so great, that I gave up all thoughts of pursuing the enemy; and at nine A. M. the French Squadron got under sail, and returned to Cuddalore-road, their disabled ships a-head, and those less so covering their retreat in the rear.

At ten A. M. I sent Capt. James Watt, of his Majesty's ship the Sultan, in the Rodney brig disarmed, with a flag of truce, and a letter to Mons. Suffrein, containing a demand of the surrender of the French King's ship the Ajax.—Capt. Watt came up with the French Squadron the same evening, and my letter was forwarded to M. Suffrein, who returned an evasive answer, saying it was the French ship Severe who had the halliards of her ensign shot away, as frequently happens in action, by which means it came down, but was never intended to be struck.

I am extremely happy to inform their lordships, that in this engagement his Majesty's Squadron under my command gained a decided superiority over that of the enemy; and had not the wind shifted, and thrown his Majesty's Squadron out of action, at the very time when some of the enemy's ships had broken their line, and were running away,

away, and others of them greatly disabled, I have good reason to believe it would have ended in the capture of several of their line of battle ships. I am happy also to inform their lordships, that the officers and the men of the squadron behaved to my satisfaction, and have great merit for their bravery and steady conduct: the Captains Gell, of the *Monarca*, Ranier, of the *Burford*, and Watt, of the *Sultan*, eminently distinguished themselves by a strict attention to my signals, and the utmost exertion of courage and conduct against the enemy.

I am also obliged to Col. Fullarton, of the 98th regiment, who has been my companion in the *Superb*, since I left Madras-road in March last, preferring to serve with the corps on board, to living inactive on shore. The officers and men of this regiment have behaved with great regularity on board the ships of the squadron, and done their duty well on all occasions. Major Grottan, an officer late of Gen. Meadows's staff, and a captain in the 100th regiment, has also served with great credit on board the *Superb* on this occasion, in the absence of his corps, now on the Malabar coast.

The death of Capt. Maclellan, of the *Superb*, who was shot through the heart with a grape shot early in the engagement, is universally regretted by all who knew him. I had experienced in him an excellent officer in every department of the service.

Total—Killed 77. Wounded 233.

EDWARD HUGHES.

Superb, Madras Road, Aug. 12, 1783.

FINDING it impossible to repair the loss of top-masts, and the other damages the ships of the squadron had sustained in the engagement on the 6th of last month, with the French squadron under the command of M. Suffrein, without a supply of spars, fibres, and cordage, and the ammunition of the squadron, as well as its provisions, being nearly exhausted, I was under the necessity to proceed with the squadron to this road, where our stores and provisions are deposited; and having sailed from my then station off Negapatnam on the 18th, arrived here the 20th of last month, where I have been incessantly labouring to put the ships in a condition for service.

When I left the windward station off Negapatnam the French squadron was at an anchor off Cuddalore, repairing their damages.

On my arrival in this road, I learned that his Majesty's ship *Sceptre*, Capt. Samuel Graves, one of Sir Richard Bickerton's squadron, had arrived here the 13th of last month, and had again sailed with his Majesty's armed transport *San Carlos* on the 17th, with intent to join me to the southward; and on the 28th of the month they both joined me in this road; Capt. Graves had parted company with Sir Richard Bick-

erton's squadron soon after it left the Channel, had been at Rio Janiero, where he met the *Medea* frigate, and, in the course of their passage to India, they captured a large French ship, laden with naval stores, in charge of which Capt. Graves left the *Medea*, and proceeded on in the *Sceptre* to join me.

On the 31st I dispatched his Majesty's ships *Monmouth* and *Sceptre* to Trincomalee, with a re-enforcement of troops, and a supply of provisions and stores, under the command of Captain Alms; and I have the satisfaction to inform their lordships, that service has been very completely performed, and the two ships rejoined me here on the 10th of this month.

As the ships of the squadron are now nearly fitted, I hope to be able to proceed to sea in a few days to cover the arrival of the expected re-enforcement under Sir Richard Bickerton, and oppose the enemy's squadron.

Superb, in Madras-Road, August 16, 1783.

I Beg you will be pleased to inform their lordships, that, since closing my last letter to you, dated the 12th of this month, his Majesty's frigate the *Medea*, Capt. Gower, arrived and joined me here the 13th, and his Majesty's frigate the *Coventry* this day from Bombay, where she has been completely repaired.

The *Medea* brought in with her a French ship, about 450 tons burthen, laden with provisions and stores, bound to the Mauritius, but captured by the *Sceptre* and *Medea* off the Cape of Good-Hope.

Capt. Mitchell, of the *Coventry*, informs me, that on the 12th of this month, off Friars-Hood, on the Island of Ceylon, he fell in with and attacked the *Bellona*, a French frigate, of 40 guns, and after a severe engagement of two hours and a half, the *Bellona* sheered off from the *Coventry*, and made sail to join the French fleet; and the *Coventry* had suffered so much in her masts and rigging as not to be able to come up with her before she joined the French fleet, consisting of 23 sail, which Capt. Mitchell saw at anchor in the Battacalo Road, and was chased by two of their line of battle ships: in the engagement the *Coventry* had 15 men killed, and 29 wounded; but I hope to be able so far to repair her damages, as to carry her to sea with me in two or three days. Capt. Mitchell speaks highly of the courage and good conduct of the *Coventry's* officers and men; and I trust their lordships will give him his full share of merit, for having so gallantly attacked and beaten an enemy's ship so superior in force to his own.

[This Gazette likewise contains another extract of a letter from Sir Edward Hughes, giving an account of a second engagement between him and Mons. Suffrein, on the third of Sept. which will be inserted in our next.]

TUESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, 23.

The rencontre that took place on Monday morning the 21st, between George Riddell, Esq. of the 2d troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, and David Cunningham, Esq. Lieutenant of the Scotch Greys, having been attended with the most fatal consequences to those gentlemen, we think it necessary to lay before our readers a correct statement of the particulars:—Mr. Riddell and Mr. Cunningham, about three years ago differed on a trifling subject. They met afterwards several times, but never in good humour; some offensive expressions having dropped from each party when they originally differed, the recollection of which increased their mutual enmity.——About six months ago, a challenge passed between them, but Mr. Cunningham, for want of a second, not attending at the exact time, Mr. Riddell declined the combat. This was construed by the corps in which Mr. Cunningham served as disgraceful to the character of a soldier; and Mr. Cunningham, finding the matter took a very serious turn, and much to his disadvantage, came up to London last week, and immediately sent Mr. Riddell a challenge, which the latter in his turn declined; alledging, that he would not fight a gentleman who had taken six months to consider of it. Mr. Cunningham construed this answer into a pitiful subterfuge, and went in pursuit of Mr. Riddell, with a determination to offer him a personal insult. Unfortunately they met at an agent's, when Mr. Cunningham instantly spit in Mr. R.'s face. This produced an immediate challenge, and the parties met on Monday morning at ten o'clock, in a field on the right hand side of the Uxbridge road, about half a

mile from Tyburn turnpike; Mr. Riddell, attended by Capt. Topham of the Horse Guards, and Mr. Cunningham by Capt. Cunningham, of the 69th regiment of foot. Eight paces were first measured by the seconds, and then the parties took their ground. It was previously agreed that Mr. Riddell and Mr. Cunningham should toss up for the first fire, which Mr. Riddell won—This being adjusted, Mr. Riddell fired, and shot Mr. Cunningham under the right breast, the ball passing through the ribs, and lodging on the left side, near the back. The moment Mr. Cunningham received the shot, he reeled, but did not fall, opened his waistcoat, and declared he was mortally wounded. Mr. Riddell still remained on his ground, and Mr. Cunningham, after a pause of two minutes, declared he would not be taken off the field till he had fired at his adversary. Mr. Cunningham immediately presented his pistol, and shot Mr. Riddell in the groin, who fell immediately, and was carryed in a hackney coach to Capt. Topham's house, in Brianston-street, Portman-square, where he lingered till seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, and then expired.

Mr. Cunningham is much better, and said to be out of danger. He was attended yesterday by the Surgeons Bromfield, Pott, and Tomkins, at the Hotel in Long-Acre. The ball was extracted before he left the field.

Yesterday evening the Coroner's Inquest sat on the body of George Riddell, Esq. who was killed in a rencontre with David Cunningham, Esq. on Monday last, when the jury, after a strict examination of the seconds, and a servant of the deceased, brought in their verdict *Manslaughter*.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL favours are come to hand which we could not admit this month, but to which the earliest attention shall be paid the next.

More than one or two pieces are received, written in a manner so slovenly, that it is almost impossible to gather the meaning of them. And the trouble of decyphering is miserably repaid, when we have found it. The Editor, however, is modestly desirous to dress them up for publication. He is very willing to lend his assistance to any correspondent who thinks it worth asking, but he hopes to give no offence by saying to them as the porter did to Mr. Pope that it is sometimes more easy to make a dozen than to mend one.

Proposals for a reformation of surnames, &c. shall appear in our next.

We thank an Old Correspondent most sincerely for his good intentions, and are only sorry that for obvious reasons, it is impossible to derive any advantage from his laborious assiduity.

The offer of a Fast Friend, to afford us some literary news, is the more acceptable, that so many are now turning their attention to reading, who have for years been occupied in defending their country.

Lists of Marriages, Deaths, Bankrupts, &c. in our next.